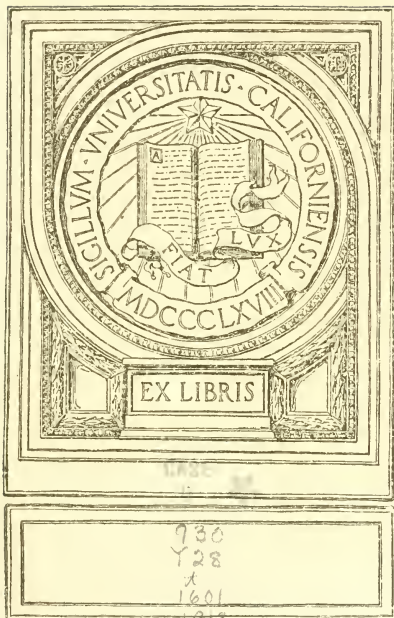


UC-NRLF



B 2 888 985



EX LIBRIS

730
Y28
x
1801
1912



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Two Lamentable Tragedies

by ROBERT YARRINGTON.

Date of only known quarto 1601

Reproduced in Facsimile 1913

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Robert Yarrington

Two Lamentable Tragedies

by ROBERT YARRINGTON.

1601

Robert Yarrington

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII

Two Lamentable Tragedies

BY ROB. YARRINGTON.

1601

This reproduction of the only known edition is from the British Museum copy. Bodley has a copy and two or three others are known.

"The Dictionary of National Biography," speaking of this play and its author, says: "Nothing has been discovered concerning Robert Yarrington. In 'Henslowe's Diary' (ed. Collier, pp. 92-3) we find that in 1599 Haughton & Day wrote a tragedy called 'The tragedy of Thomas Merrye.' This was clearly on the first subject of Yarrington's play. The next entry in the 'Diary' refers to 'The Orphanes Tragedy' by Chettle, which was apparently never finished. This would seem to be the second subject of Yarrington's play. Mr. Fleay conjectures that Rob. Yarrington is a fictitious name, and that his play is an amalgamation of the two plays by Haughton, Day & Chettle. Mr. A. H. Bullen republished the play with an introduction in a collection of 'Old English Plays' 1885, vol. IV."

The reproduction of this facsimile is satisfactory; the original is more or less stained and the paper in places worn into holes which are readily noticed in this facsimile.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Two Lamentable Tragedies.

The one, of the murder of Mai-
ster Beech a Chaundler in
Thames-streete, and his boye,
done by *Thomas Merry*.

*The other of a young childe mur-
thered in a Wood by two Ruffins,
with the consent of his Vnckle.*

By **ROB. YARINGTON.**



LONDON
Printed for *Mathew Lowe*, and are to be solde at
his shop in Paules Church-yarde neere unto
S. Austines gate, at the signe
of the Foxe. 1601.



Two Tragedies in one.

Enter Homicide, solus.



Haue in vaine past through each stately
streete,
And blinde-fold turning of this happie
towne,
For wealth, for peace, and goodlie
gouernement,
Yet can I not finde out a minde, a heart
For blood and causelesse death to harbour in;
They all are bent with vertuous gainefull trade,
To get their needmentes for this mortall life,
And will not soile their well addicted harts:
With rape, extortion, murder, or the death,
Offriend or foe, to gaine an Empery.
I cannot glut my blood delighted eye;
With mangled bodies which do gaspe and grone,
Readie to passe to faire *Elizium*,
Nor bath my greedie handes in reeking blood,
Offathers by their children murdered:
When all men else do weepe, lament and waile,
The sad exploites of fearefull tragedies,
It glads me so, that it delightes my heart,
To ad new tormentes to their bleeding smartes.

Enter Auarice.

But here comes *Auarice*, as if he sought,
Some busie worke for his pernicious thought:

Two Tragedies in one.

Whether so fast all griping *Anarice?*

Ana. Why what carst thou, I seeeke for one I misse.

Ho. I may supplie the man you wish to haue.

Ana. Thou seemes to be a bold audacious knaue,
I doe not like intruding companie,
That seeke to vndermine my secrecie.

Ho. Mistrust me not I am thy faithfull friend.

Ana. Many say so, that proue false in the end.

Ho. But turne about and thou wilt know my face,

Ana. It may be so, and know thy want of grace,
What *Homicide* thou art the man I seeke:

I reconcile me thus vpon thy cheeke. *Kisse, embrace.*

Hadst thou nam'd blood and damn'd iniquitie,

I had for borne to bight so bitterlie.

Hom. Knowst thou a hart wide open to receiue,
A plot of horred desolation,

Tell me of this, thou art my cheefest good,
And I will quaffe thy health in bowles of blood.

Ana. I know two men, that seeme two innoents,
Whose lookes surueied with iudiciall eyes:
Would seeme to beare the markes of honestie,
But snakes finde harbour mongst the fairest flowers,
Then neuer credit outward semblaunces:

Enter Tructh.

I know their harts relentlesse mercilesse,
And will performe through hope of benefit:
More dreadfull things then can be thought vpon.

Hom. If gaine will draw, I prethy then allure,
Their hungrie harts with hope of reconpence,
But tye dispaire vnto those moouing hopes,
Vnleast a deed of murder farther it,
Then blood on blood, shall ouertake them all,
And we will make a bloodie feastiuall.

Cone. The plots are laide, the keyes of golden coine,
Hath op'd the secret closets of their harts,
Inter, insule, make captiue at thy will,

Them.



Two Tragedies in one,

Themselves, and friends, with deedes of damned ill;
 Yonder is truth, she commeth i' the wayle,
 The times and parties that we worke vpon.

Hom. Why let her weepe, lament, and morne for me,
 We are right bred of damn'd iniquitie,
 And will go make a two-folde Tragedie. *Exeunt.*

Truth. Goe you disturbers of a quiet soule,
 Sad, greedy, gaping, hungrie *Canibals*,
 That ioy to pr'ise others miseries;
 Gentles, prepa. your teare bedecked eyes,
 To see two shewes of lamentation,
 Besprinckled euery where with guiltlesse blood,
 Of harmlesse youth, and pretie innocents,
 Our Stage doth weare habilliments of woe,
 Truth rues to tell the truth of these laments;
 The one was done in famous London late,
 Within that streete whose side the riuer Thames
 Doth striue to wash from all impuritie:
 But yet that siluer streame can neuer wash,
 The sad remembrance of that cursed deede,
 Perform'd by cruell *Merry* on iust *Beech*,
 And his true boye poore *Thomas Winchester*,
 The most here present, know this to be true:
 Would truth were false, so this were but a tale,
 The other further off, but yet too neere,
 To those that felt and did the crueltie:
 Neere *Padua* this wicked deed was done,
 By a false Vncle, on his brothers sonne,
 Left to his carefull education,
 By dying Parents, with as strict a charge,
 As euer yet death-breathing brother gaue;
 Looke for no mirth, vnlesse you take delight,
 In mangled bodies, and in gaping wounds,
 Bloodily made by mercy wanting hands,
 Truth will not faine, but yet doth gneue to showe,
 This deed of rathie and miserable woe,

Two Tragedies in one.

Enter Merry.

I lue in meane and discontented state,
But wherefore should I thinke of discontent:
I am belou'd, I haue a pretty house,
A louing sister, and a carefull man,
That doe not thinke their dayes worke well at end,
Except it bring me in some benefit:
And well frequented is my little house,
With many guesstes and honest passengers,

Enter Beech and a friend.

Which may in time aduance my humble state;
To greater wealth and reputation.
And here comes friends to drinke some beare or ale, *Sit in*
They are my neighbours, they shall haue the best, *his shop.*
Ne. Come neighbor *Beech* lets haue our mornings draught
And wele go drinke it at yong *Merries* house:
They say he hath the best in all this towne,
Besides they say he is an honest man,
And keeps good rule and orders in his house.

Beech. He's so indeede, his conuersation,
Is full of honest harmlesse curtesie:
I dare presume, if that he be within,
Hele serue vs well, and keepe vs compan y,
See where he is, go in, ile follow you.

Strine curtesie:

Nay straine no curtesie you shall goe before.

Mer. Your welcome neighbour, you are welcome fir,
I praie sit downe, your verie welcome both:

Beech. We thanke you for it, and we thinke no lesse,
Now fill two cans of your ould strongest beare:
That make so manie loose their little wits,
And make indentures as they go along.

Mer. Hoe sister *Rachell:* *Rach.* I come presently.

Enter Rachell.

Mer. Goe draw these gentlemen two Cans of beare,
Your negligence that cannot tend the shop,
Will make our customers forsake the house.
Wheres *Harry Williams* that he staies not here.

Rach.

Two Tragedies in one.

Rach. My selfe was busie dressing vp the house,
As for your man he is not verie well:
But sitteth sleeping by the kitchen fier.

Mer. If you are busie get you vp againe, *Exit.*
Ile draw my neighbours then their drinke my selfe,
Ile warrant you as good as any mans,
And yet no better, many haue the like. *Exit for Beare.*

Neigh. This shoues him for a plaine and honest man,
That will not flatter with too many wordes:
Some shriltong'd fellows would haue cogd and faind,
Saying ile draw the best in Christendome.

Beech. Hees none of those, but beares an honest minde,
And shames to vtter what he cannot proue.

Enter Merry.

But here he comes, is that the best you haue,

Mer. It is the best vpon mine honest worde.

Beech. Then drinke to vs. *Mer.* I drinke vnto you both.

Nei. Beech. We pledge you both, and thanke you hartelic.

Beech. Heres to you fir. *Neigh.* I thanke you,

Maister Beech drinks, drinke Neighbour.

Neigh. Tis good indeed and I had rather drinke,

Such beare as this as any Gascoine wine:

But tis our English manner to affect

Strange things, and price them at a greater rate,

Then home-bred things of better consequence.

Mer. Tis true indeede, if all were of your minde,
My poore estate would sooner be aduanc'd:

And our French Marchants seeke some other trade.

Beech. Your poore estate, may neighbour say not so,
For God be thanked you are well to liue.

Mer. Not so good neighbour, but a poore young man,
That would liue better if I had the meanes:

But as I am, I can content my selfe,

Till God amend my poore abilitie.

Neigh. In this no doubt, why man you are but young,
And God assure your selfe hath wealth in store,
If you awaight his will with patience.

Two Tragedies in one.

Beech. Thankes be to God I liue contented lie,
And yet I cannot boast of mightie wealth;
But yet Gods blessings haue beene infinit,
And farre beyond my expectations,
My shop is stor'd, I am not much in debt;
And here I speake it where I may be bold,
I haue a score of poundes to helpe my neede,
If God should stretch his hand to visite me,
With sicknesse, or such like aduersity.

Neigh. Enough for this, now neighbour whars to pay,

Mer. Two pence good sir. *Beech.* Nay pray sir forbear,
He pay this reckoning for it is but small.

Neigh. I will not strue since yee will haue it so.

Beech. Neighbour farewell. *Exit Beech and neigh.*

Mer. Farewell vnto you both.

His shop is stor'd he is not much indebt.
He hath a score of poundes to helpe his neede,
I and a score too if the truth were knowne:
I would I had a shop so stor'd with wares,
And fortie poundes to buy a bargaine with,
When as occasion should be offered me,
Ide liue as merrie as the wealthiest man;
That hath his being within London walles,
I cannot buy my beare, my bread, my meate:
My fagots, coales, and such like necessaries,
At the best hand, because I want the coine,
That manie misers coaser vp in bagges,
Hauing enough to serue their turnes besides:
Ah for a tricke to make this *Beeches* trash,
For sake his cofer and to rest in mine,
I marrie sir, how may that tricke be done:
Marrie with ease and great facilitie,
I will inuent some new-found stratagem,
To bring his coyne to my possession;
What though his death relieue my pouertie,
Gainne waites on courage, losse on cowardice.

Enter

Two Tragedies in one.

*Enter Pandino and Armenia sicke on a bed, Pertillo their
sonne, Falleria his brother, Softrato his wife, Alinso
their sonne, and a Scribe with a Will, &c.*

Pan. Brother and sifter, pray you both drawe neere,
And heere my will, which you haue promised
Shall be performde with wished prouidence,
This little Orphant I must leaue behinde,
By your direction to be gouerned.
As for my wife and I, we do awaite,
The blessed houre when it shall please the Lord,
To take vs to the iust Ierusalem.
Our chiefest care is for that tender boye,
Which we should leaue discomfortlesse behinde,
But that we do assure vs of your loue,
And care to guide his weake vniabie youth,
In pathes of knowledge grace and godlinesse:
As for the riches of this mortall life,
We leaue enough, foure hundred pounds a yeare,
Besides two thousand pounds to make a stocke,
In money, Jewels, Plate, and household stuffe,
Which yearely rents and goods we leaue to you,
To be surrendered into his hands,
When he attaines to yeeres of discretion.
My Will imports thus much, which you shall heare,
And you shall be my sole Executor.

Fall: Brother and sifter how my hart laments,
To see your weake and sicke afflicted limmes,
Neere ouercome with dyrefull malladies,
The God of heauen can truely testifie,
Which to speake plaine, is nere a whit at all. *To the people.*
Which knowes the secret corners of my heart,
But for the care you do impose on me,
For the tuition of your little sonne,
Thinke my kinde brother, I will meditate,
Both day and night, how I may best fulfill,

Two Tragedies in one.

The care and trust, reposed in your Will,
And see him posted quickly after you. *To the people.*

Arm. Enough kinde brother, we assure vs so,
Else would we seeke another friend abroade,
To do our willes and dying Testament,
Nature and loue will haue a double care,
To bring him vp with carefull dilligence,
As best befeemes one of such parentage.

Fall. Assure your selfe the safest courie I can,
Shall be provided for your little sonne,

He shall be sent vnto the King of heauen. *To the people.*

Sostr. Feare not good brother, and my louing sister,
But we will haue as tender care of him,

As if he were our owne ten thousand times:.

God will be father of the fatherlesse,
And keepe him from all care and wretchednesse:.

All:ns. Vnecke and Aunt take comfort, I will see,
My little coozen haue no iniurie.

Pan. Ar. We thanke you all, come let the Will be read.

Fall. If it were seald, I would you both were dead.

Scrine. Then giue attention, I will read the Will.

Reade the Will.

In the name of God, Amen. I, &c.

Pan. Thus if my sonne miscarry, my deare brother,

You and your sonne shall then enioy the land,

And all the goods which he should haue possessed,

Fall. If he miscarry, brother God forbid,

God blesse mine Nephew, that thine eyes may see,

Thy childrens children with prosperity:

I had rather see the little vrchin hangd, *To the people.*

Then he should liue, and I forgoe the land.

Ar. Thankes gentle brother, husband seale the Will.

Pand. Giue me a Pen and Inke, first to subscribe,

I write so ill through very feebleness,

That I can scarcely know this hand for mine,

But that you all can witness that it is.

Seri. Giue me the seale; I pray fir take it of.

This

Two Tragedies in one.

This you deliuer for your latest Will,
And do consume it for your Testament.

Pand. With all my hart: here brother keepe my Will,
And I referre me to the will of God,
Praying him deale aswell with you and yours,
As you no doubt will deale with my poore child:
Come my *Pertillo*, let me blesse thee boy,
And lay my halfe dead hand vpon thy head,
God graunt those dayes that are cut off in me,
With ioy and peace may multiply in thee:
Be slowe to wrath, obey thy Vnckle still,
Submit thy selfe vnto Gods holy will,
In deede and word, see thou be euer true,
So brother, childe, and kinssolkes all adue. *He dyeth.*

Per. Ah my deere mother, is my father dead?

Ar. I my swete Boye, his soule to heauen is fled,
But I shall after him immediatly,
Then take my latest blessing ere I dye,
Come let me kisse thy little tender lips,
Cold death hath tane possession of thy mother.
Let me imbrace thee in my dying armes,
And pray the lord protect thee from al harmes:
Brother, I feare, this childe when I am gone,
Wil haue great cause of grieffe & hideous feare:
You will protect him, but I prophetic,
His share will be of woe and misery:
But mothers feares do make these cares arise,
Come boye and close thy mothers dying eyes.
Brother and sister, here the latest words,
That your dead sister leaves for memory:
If you deale ill with this distressed boye,
God will reuenge poore orphants iniuries,
If you deale well, as I do hope you will,
God will defend both you and yours from ill.
Farewell, farewell, now let me breath my last,
Into his dearest mouth, that wanteth breath,
And as we lou'd in life imbrace in death;

Two Tragedies in one.

Brother and sister this is all I pray,
Tender my Boye when we are laide in clay. *Dyerb.*

Allen. Gods holy Angell guide your louing soules,
Vnto a place of endless: happinesse.

Softr. Amen, Amen, ah what a care she had,
Of her small Orphant, she did dying pray,
To loue her childe, when she was laide in claye.

Scr. Ah blame her not although she held it deare,
She left him yonge the greater cause offeare.

Fall. Knew she my minde it would recall her life, *To*
And like a staring Commet she would moue, *the people.*
Our harts to thinke of desolation,
Scriuenor, haue you certified the will?

Scri. I haue.

Fall. Then theres two Duckets for your paines.

Scri. Thankes gentle sir, and for this time farewell. *Exit.*

Sofr. Come pretty coozen, cozened by grim death,
Of thy most carefull parents all too soone,
Weepe not sweete boy, thou shalt haue cause to say,
Thy Aunt was kinde, though parents lye in claye.

Pert. But giue me leaue first to lament the losse,
Of my deere Parents, nature bindeth me,
To waile the death of those that gaue me life,
And if I liue vncill I be a man,
I will erect a sumpruous monument,
And leaue remembrance to ensuing times,
Of kinde *Pandino* and *Armenia.*

Allen. That shall not neede, my father will erect,
That sad memorjall of their timeles death,
And at that tombe we will lament and say

Sofr. lye the bones of faire *Armenia.*

Fall. Surcease *Allenso,* thats a bootelesse cost,
The Will imports no such iniunction:
I will not spend my little Nephewes wealth,
In such vaine toyes, they shali haue funerall,
But with no stately ceremoniall pompe,
Thats good for nought but. sooles to gafe vppon

Two Tragedies in one.

Liue thou in hope to haue thine vnckles land.

Allen. His land, why father you haue land enough,
And more by much then I do know to vse:
I would his vertues would in me suruiue,
So should my Vnckle seeme in me aliue,
But to your will I doe submit my selfe,
Do what you please concerning funeralls.

Fali. Come then away, that we may take in hand,
To haue possession of my brothers land,
His goods and all vnill he come of age:
To rule and gouerne such possessions,
That shalbe neuer or ile misse my marke,
Till I surrender vp my life to death:
And then my soune shalbe his fathers heire,
And mount aloft to honors happy chaire.

Exeunt: Omnes.

Enter Merry solus.

Beech hath a score of pounds to helpe his neede,
And I may starue ere he will lend it me:
But in dispight ile haue it ere I sleepe,
Although I send him to eternall rest,
But shallow foole, thou talkst of mighty things,
And canst not compasse what thou dost conceiue:
Stay let me see, ile fetch him to my house,
And in my garret quickly murther him:
The night conceales all in her pitchie cloake,
And none can open what I meane to hide,
But then his boy will say I fetcht him forth:
I am resolu'd, he shall be murthered to,
This toole shall write, subscribe, and seale their death,
And send them safely to another world:
But then my sister, and my man at home,
Will not conceale it when the deede is done,
Tush one for loue, the other for reward,
Will neuer tell the world my close intent,
My conscience saith it is a damned deede:
To traine one forth, and slay him priuily,

Two Tragedies in one.

Peace conscience, peace, thou art too scrupulous,
Gaine doth attended this resolution,
Hence dastard feare, I must, I can, I will,
Kill my friend to get a bag of gold:
They shall dye both, had they a thousand liues,
And therefore I will place this hammer here,
And take it as I follow *Beech* vp staires,
That suddenlie before he is aware,
I may with blowes dash out his hatefull braines,
Hoe *Rachell*, bring my cloake, looke to the house,
I will returne againe immediatly.

Rach. Here it is brother, I pray you stay not long,
Guesse will come in, 'tis almost supper time. *Ex. Ra.*

Mer. Let others suppe, ile make a bloudier feast,
Then euer yet was drest in *Merry's* house,
Be like thy selfe, then haue a merrie hart,
Thou shalt haue gold to mend thy pouertie,
And after this, liue euer wealthilie.

*Then Merry must passe to Beeches shoppe, who
must sit in his shop, and Winchester his
boy stand by: Beech reading.*

What neighbour *Beech*, so godly occupied?

Beech. I maister *Merry* it were better reade,
Then meditate on idle fantasies.

Mer. You speake the trueth: there is a friend or two
Of yours, making merry in my house,
And would desire to haue your company.

Beech. Know you their names?

Mer. No truely nor the men.

I neuer stoode to question them of that,
But they desire your presence earnestlie.

Beech. I pray you tell them that I cannot come,
Tis supper time, and many will resort,
For ware at this time, about all other times;
Tis Friday night besides, and Bartholmew eue,
Therefore good neighbour make my iust excuse.

Mer. In trueth they told me that you should not stay,
Goe

Two Tragedies in one.

Goe but to drinke, you may come quick againe,
But not and if my hand and hammer hold. *People.*

Beech. I am vnwilling, but I do not care,
And if I go to see the company.

Mer. Come quickly then, they thinke we stay too long,

Beech. Ile cut a peece of Cheese to drinke withall.

Mer. I take the farewell of your cutting knife,
Here is a hand shall helpe to cut your throate:

And give my selfe a fairing from your chest:

What are you ready will you goe along?

Beech. I now I am, boy looke you tend the shoppe,
If any aske, come for me to the Bull:

I wonder who they are that aske for me.

Mer. I know not that, you shall see presentlie,
Goe vp those staires, your friends do stay aboute,
Here is that friend shall shake you by the head,
And make you stagger ere he speake to you.

*Then being in the upper Rome Merry stricke
him in the head fiftene times.*

Now you are safe, I would the boy were so,
But wherefore wish I, for he shall not liue,
For if he doe, I shall not liue my selfe.

Merry wiped his face from blood.

Lets see what mony he hath in his purse,
Masse heres ten groates, heres something for my paine,
But I must be rewarded better yet.

Enter Rachell and Harry Williams.

Wil. Who was it *Rachell* that went vp the staires?

Rach. It was my brother, and a little man
Of black complexion, but I know him not,

Wil. Why do you not then carry vp a light,
But suffer them to tarry in the darke.

Rach. I had forgot, but I will beare one vp. *Exit vp.*

Wil. Do so I prethee, he will chide anon. *Exit.*

Rachell speaketh to her brother.

Rachell. Oh brother, brother, what haue you done?

Mer. Why murderd one that would haue murderd me,

Rach.

Two Tragedies in one.

Rach. We are vndone, brother we are vndone,
What shall I say for we are quite vndone.

Mer. Quiet thy selfe sifter, all thalbe well,
But see in any case you do not tell,
This deede to *Williams*: nor to any one:

Rach. No, no, I will not, was't not maister *Beech*?

Mer. It was, it is, and I will kill his man, *Exit Rach.*
Or in attempting doe the best I can.

Enter Williams and Rachell.

Wil. What was the matter that you cride so lowde?

Rach. I must not tell you, but we are vndone:

Will. You must not tell me, but we are vndone,
Ile know the cause wherefore we are vndone. *Exit vp.*

Rach. Oh would the thing were but to doe againe,
The thought thereof doth rent my hart in twaine,

Williams to Merry above. *She goes vp.*

Wil. Oh maister, maister, what haue you done?

Mer. Why slaine a knaue that would haue murderd
Better to kill, then to be kild my selfe. (me.)

Wil. With what? where with? how haue you slaine the mā?

Mer. Why with this hammer I knockt out his braines.

Wil. Oh it was beastly so to butcher him,
If any quarrell were twixt him and you:
You should haue bad him meete you in the field,
Not like a coward vnder your owne rooffe;
To knock him downe as he had bin an oxe,
Or silly sheepe prepard for slaughter house:
The Lord is iust, and will reuenge his blood,
On you and yours for this extremitie.
I will not stay an hower within your house,
It is the wickedst deed that ere was done.

Mer. Oh sir content your selfe, all shall be well,
Whats done already, cannot be vndone.

Rach. Oh would to God, the deede were now to do,
And I were priuie to your ill intent,
You should not do it then for all the world.
But prethie *Harry* do not leaue the house,

Two Tragedies in one.

For then suspicion will arise thereof,
And if the thing be knowne we are vndone.

Vvil. Forlake the house, I will not stay all night,
Though you will giue the wealth of Christendome.

Mer. But yet conceale it, for the loue of God,
If otherwise, I know not what to do.

Vvil. Here is my hand, ile neuer vtter it,
Assure your selfe of that, and so farewell.

Mer. But sweare to me, as God shall helpe thy soule,
Thou wilt not tell it vnto any one.

Vvil. I will not sweare, but take my honest worde,
And so farewell, my soule assureth me, *Exit Merry*
God will reuenge this damn'd iniquitie. *and Rack.*

What shall become of me vnhappie wretch?

I dare not lodge within my Maisters house,
For feare his murthrous hand should kill me too,
I will go walke and wander vp and downe,

And seeke some rest, vntill the day appeare:
At the Three-Cranes, in some Haye lost Ile lye,
And waile my Maisters comping miserie. *Exit.*

Enter Fallerio solus.

Fall. I haue possession of my brothers goods,
His tennants pay me rent, acknowledge me
To be their Landlord, they frequent my house,
With Turkeys, Capons, Pigeons, Pigges and Geese,
And all to gaine my fauour and good will.
His plate, his Jewels, hangings, houshold stuffe,
May well beforme to fit a demie King,
His stately buildings, his delightfull walkes,
His fertile Meadowes, and rich ploughed lands,
His well growne woods, and stor'd Fishing ponds,
Brings endlesse wealth, besides continuall helpe,
To keepe a good and hospitable house:
And shall I ioy these pleasures but a time,
Nay brother, sister, all shall pardon me,
Before Ile sell my selfe to penurie.

Two Tragedies in one.

The world doth know, thy brother but resign'd,
The lands and goods, vntill his sonne attain'd,
To riper yeares to weld and gouerne them,
Then openly thou canst not do him wrong,
He liuing: there's the burthen of the song.
Call it a burthen, for it seemes so great
And heauie burthen, that the boy should liue,
And thrust me from this height of happinesse:
That I will not indure so heauie waight,
But shake it off, and liue at libertie,
Free from the yoake of such subiection,
The boy shall dye, were he my fathers sonne,
Before Ile part with my possession.
Ile call my sonne, and aske his good aduice,
How I may best dispatch this serious cause:
Hoe sir *Allen*? *All.* Father. *Fall.* Harken sonne,
I must intreate your furtherance and aduise,
About a thing that doth concerne vs neere,
First tell me how thou doost affect in heart,
Little *Pertillo*, thy dead *Vnckles* sonne.

Allen. So well good father, that I cannot tell,
Whether I loue him dearer then my selfe:
And yet if that my heart were calde to count,
I thinke it would surrender me to death,
Ere young *Pertillo* should sustaine a wrong,

Fall. How got his safetie such a deepe regarde
Within your heart, that you affect it so?

Allen. Nature gaue roote, loue, and the dying charge,
Of his dead father, giues such store of sap,
Vnto this tree of my affection,
That it will neuer wither till I dye.

Fall. But nature, loue, and reason, tels thee thus,
Thy selfe must yet be neere to thy selfe.

Allen. His loue dooth not estrange me from my selfe,
But doth confirme my strength with multitudes,
Of benefits, his loue will yeelde to me.

Fall. Beware to foster such pernicious snakes,

With

Two Tragedies in one.

Within thy bosome, which will poyson thee.

Allen. He is a Doue, a childe, an innocent,
And cannot poyson, father though he would.

Fall. I will be plainer, know *Pertillos* life,
Which thou doost call, a Doue, an innocent:
A harmlesse childe, and, and I know not what,
Will harme thee more, then any Serpent can,
I, then the very sight of *Basiliskes*.

Allen. Father, you tell me of a strange discourse,
How can his life produce such detriment,
As *Basiliskes*, whose onely sight is death?

Fall. Haiken to me, and I will tell thee how:
Thou knowst his fathers goods, his houses, lands,
Haue much aduaunc'd our reputation,
In hauing but their vsage for a time,
If the boy liue, then like to sencelesse beasts,
Like long eard Asses, and riche laden Mules,
We must resigne these treasures to a boye,
And we like Asses feede on simple Haye:
Make him away, they shall continue ours,
By vertue of his fathers Testament,
The Jewels, castles, medowes, houses, lands,
Which thy small cozen, should defeat thee of,
Be still thine owne, and thou aduance thy selfe,
Above the height of all thine Auncestours.

Allen. But if I mount by murder and deceite,
Iustice will thrust aspiring thoughts belowe,
And make me caper for to breake my neck:
After some wofull lamentation,
Of my obedience to vnlawfulnesse:
I tell you plaine, I would not haue him dye,
Might I enjoy the *Soldans* Emperie.

Fall. What wilt thou barre thy selfe of happinesse,
Stop the large streame of pleasures which would flowe,
And still attend on thee like Seruing men:
Preferre the life of him that loues thee not,
Before thine owne, and my felicitie.

Two Tragedies in one.

Allen. Idc rather choose to feede on carefulnesse,
To ditche, to delue, and labour for my bread,
Nay rather choose to begge from doore to doore,
Then condescend to offer violence,
To young *Pertillo* in his innocence,
I know you speake, to sound what mightie share,
Pertillo hath in my affection.

Fall. In faith I do not, therefore prethie say,
Wilt thou consent to haue him made away.

Allen. Why then in faith, I am ashamde to thinke,
I had my being from so foule a lump
Of adulation and vnthankfulnesse,
Ah, had their dying praiers no auaille
Within your hart? no, damnd extorcion,
Hath left no roome for grace to harbor in,
Audacious sinne, how canst thou make him say,
Consent to make my brothers sonne away.

Fall. Nay if you ginne to brawle, withdraw your selfe,
But vtter not the motion that I made,
As you loue me, or do regarde your life.

Allen. And as you loue my safctie, and your soule,
Let grace, and feare of God, such thoughts controule.

Fall. Still prating, let your grace and feare alone,
And leaue me quickly to my priuate thoughts,
Or, with my sworde Ile open wide a gate,
For wrath and bloudie death to enter in.

Allen. Better you gaue me death and buriall,
Then such foule deeds should ouerthrow vs all.

Fall. Still are you wagging that rebellious tounge,
Ile dig it out for Crowes to feede vpon,
If thou continue longer in my sight. *Exit Allense.*

He loues him better then he loues his life,
Hetes repetition of my brothers care,
Of sisters chardge, of grace, and feare of God,
Feare dastards, cowards, faint hart run-awayes,
Ile feare no coulours to obteine my will,
Though all the fiends in hell were opposite,

Two Tragedies in one.

Ide rather loose mine eye, my hand, my foote,
Be blinde, wante fences, and be euer lame,
Then be tormented with such discontent,
This resignation would afflict me with,
Be blithe my boy, thy life shall sure be done,
Before the setting of the morrowe sunne.

Enter Auarice and Homicide bloody.

Hom. Make hast, runne headlong to destruction,
I like thy temper, that canst change a heart,
From yeelding flesh, to Flinte and Adamant,
Thou hitst it home, where thou doost fasten holde,
Nothing can seperate the loue of golde.

Aua. Feare no relenting, I dare pawne my soule,
(And thats no gadge, it is the diuels due)
He shall imbrew his greedie griping hands,
In the dead bosome of the bloodie boy,
And winde himselfe, his sonne, and harmlesse wife,
In endlesse foldes of sure destruction.
Now *Homicide*, thy lookes are like thy selfe,
For blood, and death, are thy companions,
Let my confounding plots but goe before,
And thou shalt wade vp to the chin in gore.

Homi. I finde it true, for where thou art let in,
There is no scrupule made of any sinne,
The world may see thou art the roote of ill,
For but for thee, poore *Beech* had liued still.

Exeunt.

Enter Rachel and Merry.

Rach. Oh my deare brother, what a heape of woe,
Your rashnesse hath powrd downe vpon your head:
Where shall we hide this trumpet of your shame,
This timelesse ougly map of crueltie?
Brother, if *Uilliams* do reueale the truth,
Then brother, then, begins our sceane of ruthe.

Mer. I feare not *Uilliams*, but I feare the boy,
Who knew I fetcht his maister to my house.

Rach. What doth the boy know wherabouts you dwel?

Two Tragedies in one.

Mer. I that tormentes me worse then panges of hell,
He must be slaine to, else hele vtter all.

Rach. Harke brother, harke, me thinkes I here on call.

Mer. Go downe and see, pray God my man keep close:
If he proue long-tongd then my daies are done,
The boy must die, there is no helpe at all:
For on his life, my verie life dependes,
Besides I cannot compasse what I would,
Vnlesse the boy be quicklic made away,
This that abridgde his haplesse maisters daies,
Shall leaue such sound memorials one his head,
That he shall quite forget who did him harme,
Or train'd his maister to this bloodie feast:
Why how now *Rachell*? who did call below?

Enter Rachell.

Rach. A maide that came to haue a pennie loafe.

Mer. I would a pennie loafe cost me a pound,
Prouided *Beeches* boy had eate his last.

Rach. Perchaunce the boy doth not remember you.

Mer. It maie be so, but ile remember him. *so people.*
And send him quicklic with a bloodie scrowle,
To greete his maister in another world.

Rach. Ile goe to *Beeches* on a faind excuse,
To see if he will aske me for his maister.

Mer. No, get you vp, you shall not stir abroad,
And when I call, come quicklic to the dore.

Rach. Brother, or that, or any thing beside,
To please your minde, or ease your miserie. *Exit.*

Mer. I am knee deepe, ile wade vp to the wast,
To end my hart of feare, and to attaine,
The hoped end of my intention?
But I maie see, if I haue eyes to see,
And if my vnderstanding be not blind,
How manie dangers do already waight,
Vpon my steppes of bold securitie,
Williams is fled, perchaunce to vtter all,
Thats but perchaunce, naie rather fladie no,

But

Two Tragedies in one.

But should he tell, I can but die a death,
Should he conceale, the boy would vtter it,
The boy must die, there is no remedie.

The boy sitting at his maisters doore.

Win. I wonder that my maister staies so long,
He had not wont to be abroade so late:
Yonder comes one, I thinke that same is he.

Mer. I see the boye sits at his maisters doote,
Or now, or neuer, *Merry* stir thy selfe,
And rid thy hart from feare and ieaalousie:
Thomas Wincheſter go quicklie to your shoppe,
What sit you still, your maister is at hand.

*When the boy goeth into the shoppe Merrie striketh
sixe blowes on his head & with the seauenih leanes
the hammer sticking in his head, the boy groaning
must be heard by a maide who must crye to her
maister.*

Merrie ſcrieb,

Mai. Oh God I thinke theres theeues in *Beeches* shop.

*Enter one in his shirt and a maide, and comming to
Beeches shop findes the boy murdered.*

Nei. What cruell hand hath done so foule a deede,
Thus to bemangle a distressed youth:
Without all pittie or a due remorse;
See how the hammer sticketh in his head;
Wherev ith this honest youth is done to death,
Speake honest *Thomas*, if any speach remaine,
What cruell hand hath done this villanie:
He cannot speake, his senses are bereft,
Hoe neighbour *Loney*, pray come downe with speede,
Your tennant *Beeches* man is murdered.

Loney sleeping. What would you haue some Mustard?

Nei. Your tennant *Beeches* man, is murdered.

Lo. Whose smothered, I thinke you lack your wit, *Out*
What neighbor? what make you here so late? *at a window.*

Nei. I was affrighted by a sodaine crie,
And comming downe found maister *Beeches* man,
Thus with a hammer sticking in his head. *Goeses doore.*

Two Tragedies in one.

Loney. Ah wo is me for *Thomas Winchester*,
The truest soule that euer maister had,
Wheres maister *Beech*? *Neigh.* Nay, no body can tell:
Did you see any running from the dore,
When you lookt out and heard the youngman crie,

Maid. Yes I saw two trulie to my thinking, but they
Ranne away as fast as their hands could beare them:
By my troth twas so darke I could see no bodie, *To people.*
Pray God maister *Beech* hath not hurt his boy in his pati-
And if he haue he must be hangd in his choller. (ence

Lo. I dare be sworne he would not strike him thus,
Praie God his maister be not flaine himselte.
The night growes late, and we will haue this course
Be watch'd all night, to morrow we shall see,
Whence sprang this strange vnciuill crueltie.

Nei. Neighbour good night. *Lon.* Neighbors all good

Ma. Praie God I neuer see so sad a sight. (night.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Merry knocking at the doore, and Rachell
comes downe.*

Mer. Oh sister, sister, now I am pursu'd,
The mightie clamour that the boy did make,
Hath raisde the neighbours round about the street:
So that I know not where to hide my selfe.

Ra. What brother, haue you kild *Beeches* boy?

Mer. No, no, not I, but yet another hath,
Come, come to bed, for feare we be discrid:
The fearefullest night that euer *Merry* knew. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falleria and two Ruffaines.

Fall. Seeme it not strange resolued gentleman,
That I thus p iuatelie haue seuered you,
To open secret sorrowes of my hart:
Thinke not I do intend to vndermine,
Your passed liues, although you know I am,
A man to whom the true vnpartiall sworde,
Ofequall iustice is deliuered,
Therefore sweare both, as you respect your soules,

At

Two Tragedies in one.

At the last dreadfull sessions held in heauen,
First to conceale, and next to execute,
What I reueale, and shall enioyne you to.

Both. So you rewarde vs, whatsoeuer it be,
We vowe performance, and true secrecie.

Fall. There go aside, yee seeming semblances,
Of equall iustice, and true pietie,
And lay my hearts corrupted Cytadell,
Wide open to your thoughts to looke into.
Know I am nam'd *Fallero*, to deceiue
The world with shew of truth and honestie,
But yet nor truth, nor honestie abides,
Within my thoughts, but falshood, crueltie,
Blood sucking *Auarice*, and all the sinnes,
That hale men on to bloodie stratagemes,
Like to your selues, which care not how you gaine,
By blood, extortion, falshood, periurie,
So you may haue a pleasing recompence: *They start.*
Start not aside, depart not from your selues,
I know your composition is as mine,
Of bloud, extortion, falshood, periurie,
True branded with the marke of wickednesse.

1. Ruffin. Be not so bitter, we are they indeede,
That would deprivue our fathers of their liues,
So we were sure to haue a benefit:
I way no more the murthring of a child,
Drag'd from the sucking bosome of his mother,
Then I respect to quaffe a boule of wine,
Vnto his health, that dearely loueth me.

2 Ruff. Where golde rewardeth, were apparent death
Before mine eyes, bolde, hartie, visible;
Ide wrastle with him for a deadly fall,
Or I would loose my guerdon promised:
Ide hang my brother for to weare his coate,
That all that sawe me might haue cause to say,
There is a hart more firme then A damant,
To practise execrable butcheries.

Two Tragedies in one.

Fall. I know that well, for were I not assur'd,
Of your performance in this enterprice,
I would not ope the closet of my brest,
To let you know my close intention,
There is a little boy, an vrchin lad,
That stands betweene me and the glorious rayes,
Of my soule-wishing sunne of happinesse:
There is a thicket ten miles from this place,
Whose secret ambush, and vvsed wayes,
Doth seeme to ioyne with our conspiracie,
There murther him, and when the deed is done,
Cast his dead body in some durtie ditch,
And leaue him for the Fowles to feed vpon:
Do this, here is two hundreth markes in golde,
To harden on your resolution:
Two hundreth more, after the deed is done,
Ile pay you more for satisfaction.

1. Ruff. Swones her's rewards would make one kill him-
To leaue his progenie so rich a prize, (selfe,
Were twentie liues engaged for this coine,
Ide end them all, to haue the money mine.

2. Ruff. Who would not hazard life, nay soule and all,
For such a franke and bounteous pay-maister,
Sblood, what labour is't to kill a boy,
It is but thus, and then the taske is done,
It grieues me most that when this taske is past,
I haue no more to occupie my selfe,
Two hundreth markes to giue a paltric stab,
I am impacient till I see the brat.

Fall. That must be done with cunning secrecie,
I haue deuise to send the boye abroade,
With this excuse, to haue him softred,
In better manners then this place affoords,
My wife, though loath indeed to part with him,
Yet for his good, she will forgoe her ioy,
With hope in time to haue more firme delights,
Which she expects from young *Pertillos* life.

Two Tragedies in one.

2. *Ruff.* Call you him *Perrillo*, faith leaue out the *T.*

Fall. Why so? *Ruff.* Because *Perrillo* will remaine,
For he shall surely perish if I liue:

What do you call the father of the child?

Fall. Why man, he hath no father left aliuie.

1. *Ruff.* Yes such a father, that doth see and know,
How we do plot this little infants woe. *To the people.*

2. *Ruff.* Why then his little sonne is much to blame,
That doth not keepe his father company.

When shall we haue deliuerie of the boy?

Fall. To morrow morning by the breake of day,
And you must sweare you'll see him safely brought,
Vnto the place that I do send him to.

2. *Ruff.* That may we safely, for you meane to send
Him to the wood, and there his iourney ends:
Both soule and limbes shall haue a place to rest,
In earth the last, the first in *Abrams* brest.

Fall. Come gentlemen, this night go rest with me,
To morrow end *Perrillos* tragedie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Merry and Rachell.

Mer. Sister, now all my golde expected hopes,
Of future good, is plainly vanished,
And in her stead, grim visaged dispaire,
Hath tane possession of my guiltie heart,
Desire to gaine, began this desperate acte,
Now plaine apparance of destruction,
Of soule and body, waights vpon my sinne,
Although we hide our sinnes from mortall men,
Whose glasse of knowledge is the face of man,
The eye of heauen beholdes our wickednesse,
And will no doubt reuenge the innocent.

- *Rach.* Ah, do not so disconsolate your selfe,
Nor adde new streames of sorrow to your griefe,
Which like a spring tide ouer-swels the banks,
Least you do make an inundation,
And so be borne away with swiftest tides,

Two Tragedies in one.

Of vgly feare, and strong dispairing thoughts,
I am your sifter, though a silly Maide,
Be be your true and faithfull comforter.

Mer. Rachel, I see thy loue is infinite,
And sorrow had so borne my thoughts away,
That I had almost quite forgot my selfe,
Helpe me deare sifter to conuey from hence,
The spectacle of inhumanitie.

Rach. Whether would you conuey this lump of dust,
Vntimely murthred by your lucklesse hand.

Mer. To the lowe roome, where we will couer it,
With Fagots, tell the euening doe approche:
In the meane time I will bethinke my selfe,
How I may best conuey it soorth of doores,
For if we keepe it longer in the house,
The fauour will be felt throughout the streete,
Which will betray vs to destruction.
Oh what a horror brings this beastlinesse,
This chiefe of sinnes, this selfe accusing crime
Of murder: now I shame to know my selfe,
That am estrang'd so much from that I was,
True, harmlesse, honest, full of curtesie,
Now false, deceitfull, full of iniurie:
Hould thou his heeles, ile beare his wounded head,
Would he did liue, so I my selfe were dead.

*Bring downe the body, and couer it ouer with
Faggots, him selfe.*

Rach. Those little stickes, do hide the murthred course,
But stickes, nor ought besides, can hide the sinne:
He sits on high, whose quick all seeing eye,
Cannot be blinded by mans subtilties.

Mer. Looke every where, can you discerne him now?

Rach. Not with mine eye, but with my heart I can.

Mer. That is because thou knowest I laide him there,
To guiltinesse each thought begetteth feare:
But go my true, though wofull comforter,
Wipe vp the blood in euery place aboute,

Two Tragedies in one.

So that no drop be found about the house,
 I know all houses will be searcht anon:
 Then burne the clothes, with which you wipe the ground
 That no apparant signe of blood be found.

Rach. I will, I will, oh would to God I could.
 As cleereley wash your conscience from the deed,
 As I can cleanse the house from least suspect,
 Of murthrous deed, and beastly crneltie.

Mer. Cease to wish vainely, let vs seeke to saue,
 Our names, our fames, our liues, and all we haue. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure neighbours together

1. *Neigh.* Neighbours, tis bruted all about the towne,
 That *Robert Beech* a honest Chaundelor,
 Had his man deadly wounded yester night,
 At twelue a clock, when all men were a sleepe.

2. Where was his maister, when the deed was done.

3. No man can tell, for he is missing to,
 Some men suspect that he hath done the fact,
 And that for feare the man is fled away,
 Others, that knew his honest harmlesse life,
 Feare that himselfe is likewise made away.

4. Then let commaundement euery where be giuen,
 That sinkes and gutters, priuies, creuises,
 And euery place, where blood may be conceald,
 Be throughly searcht, swept, washt, and neereley sought,
 To see if we can finde the murther out:
 And least that *Beech* be throwne into the *Thames*,
 Let charge be giuen vnto the Watermen,
 That if they see the body of a man,
 Floting in any place about the *Thames*,
 That straight they bring it vnto *Lambert hill*,
 Where *Beech* did dwell when he did liue in health.

1. *Neigh.* Ile see this charge performd immediatly.

4. Now let vs go to Maister *Beeches* shop, *Exit.*
 To see if that the boy can giue vs light,
 Of those suspitions which this cause doth yeeld.

'Two Tragedies in one.

2. This is the house call maister *Loney* forth,

3. Hoe maister *Loney*, doth the boy yet liue, *Ent, Loney*
Or can he vtter who hath done him wrong.

Lo. He is not dead but hath a dying life,
For neither speech, nor any sence at all,
Abideth in the poore vnhappie youth.

4. Here you of anie where his maister is.

Lo. No would we could, we all that knew his life,
Suspect him not for any such offence.

4. Bring forth the boy, that we may see his woundes.

*Brings him forth in a chaire, with a hammer
sticking in his head.*

What say the Surgions to the yongmans woundes,

Lo. They giue him ouer, saying euerie wound
Of fixe, whereof ther's seauen in his head,
Are mortall woundes and all incurable.

They suruey his woundes.

Enter Merrie, and Williams.

Mer. How now good *Harry*, hast thou hid my fault?
The boy that knew I train'd his maister forth:
Lies speechlesse, and euen at the point of death,
If you proue true, I hope to scape the brunt,

Wil. Whie feare not me, I haue conceal'd it yet,
And will conceale it, haue no doubt of me.

Mer. Thankes gentle *Harry*, thou shalt neuer lacke,
But thou and I will liue as faithfull friendes,
And what I haue, shalbe thine owne to vse:
There is some monie for to spend to day,
I know you meane to goe and see the faire.

Wil. I faine would go, but that I want a cloake.

Mer. Thou shalt not want a cloake, or ought beside,
So thou wilt promise to be secret: *Giue him his cloake.*
Here take my cloake, ile weare my best my selfe,
But where did you lie this last night?

Wil. At the three Cranes, in a Carmans hay-loff,
But ile haue better lodging soone at night,

Mer.

Two Tragedies in one.

Mer. Thou wilt be secret, I will go and see, *Exit Willi.*
What stir they keepe about *Beeches* shop,
Because I would auoyde suspicion. *Go to them.*
God saue you gentlemen, is this the boy
That is reported to be murdered?

4. He is not dead outright, but pleas'd it God,
Twere better he had left this wicked world,
Then to liue thus in this extremitie.

Mer. A cruell hand no doubt that did the deede,
Whie pull you not the hammer from his head.

4. That must not be before the youth be dead,
Because the crowner and his quest may see,
The manner how he did receiue his death:
Beare hence the bodie, and endeuor all,
To finde them out that did the villanie.

Exeunt omnes: manet Merrie.

Mer. Do what you can, cast all your wits about,
Rake kennells, gutters, seeke in euerie place,
Yet I will ouergoe your cunning heads,
If *Williams* and my sister hold their tongues:
My neighbours holdes not me in least suspect,
Weighing of my former conuersation:
Were *Beeches* boy well conueid awaie,
Ide hope to ouerblow this stormie day. *Exit.*

*Enter Falleria, Sofrata, Allenso, Pertillo: and
two Murderers hooded.*

Fall. Now little cooze, you are content to goe
From me your vncle and your louing Aunt,
Your faithfull cozen and your dearest friendes:
And all to come to be a skilfull man,
In learned artes and happie sciences.

Per. I am content, because it pleaseth you,
My father bid I should obey your will,
And yeelde my selfe to your discretion;
Besides my cozen gaue me yesternight,
A prettie Nag to ride to *Padua*,

Two Tragedies in one.

Of all my friends *Allen* loues me best.

Fall. I thinke thou art inspir'd with prophesie, *To the*
He loues thee better then I would he did: *people.*
Why wherefore thinke you so my pretie Nephew?

Per. Because he taught me how to say my prayers,
To ride a horse, to start the fearefull Hare,
He gaue this dagger to me yester night,
This little Ring, and many pretie things:
For which, kinde cooze, I rest your true debtor,
And one day I will make you recompence.

Fall. I, with thy lands and goods thou leau'st behinde.

Alen. Pray father let me go along with him:
Now by the sauour of my sinfull soule, *To the people.*
I do not like those fellowes countenance.

Fall. Sonne be content, weele go a seauenight hence,
And see him in his vniuersitie weedes:
These will conduct him safely to the place,
Be well assured they'l haue a care of him,
That you shall neuer see *Perrillo* more. *To the people.*

Allen. Father, I pray you to withdraw your selfe,
Ic haue a word or two in secrecie. *They speake together.*

Soft. Come liuing image of thy dead mother,
And take my louing farewell, ere we part,
I loue thee dearly for thy fathers sake,
But for thy mothers, doate with ieaousie,
Oh I do feare, before I see thy face,
Or thou, or I, shall taste of bitternesse:
Kisse me sweete boy, and kissing folde thine Aunte,
Within the circle of thy little armes,
I neede not feare, death cannot offer wrong,
The maiestie of thy presaging face,
Would vanquish him though nere so terrible,
The angrie Lionesse that is bereau'd,
Of her imperious crew of Forrest kings,
Would leaue her furie and defend thee safe,
From Wolues, from Panthers, Leopards, and shee Beares,
That liue by rapine, stealth, and crueltie,

There-

Two Tragedies in one.

Therefore to God I do commend thy state,
Who will be sure to garde thee tenderly.
And now to you, that carry hence this wealth,
This precious iewel, this vnprized good,
Haue a regarde to vse him carefully,
When he is parted from that serious care,
Which was imployde for his securitie:
I vrge it not, that I misdoubt your truth,
I hope his Vnckle doth perwade himselfe,
You will be courteous, kinde and affable,
Ther's some rewarde for hoped carefulnesse.

Allen. Now by my soule I do suspect the men,
Especially the lower of the two:
See what a hollow discontented looke
He casts, which brings apparant cause of feare,
The other, though he seeme mote courteous,
Yet dooth his lookes presadge this thought in me,
As if he scorn'd to thinke on courtesie.

Fall. Vpon my life, my sonne you are to blame,
The gentlemen are honest, vertuous,
And will protect *Persillo* happily:
These thoughts proceed out of abundant loue,
Because you grieue to leaue his company:
If ought betide him otherwise then well,
Let God require due vengauce on my head,
And cut my hopes from all prosperitie.

Allen. A heauie sentence, full of wondrous feare,
I cannot choose but credit such a vowe,
Come hether then, my ioy, my chieft hopes.
My second selfe, my earthly happinesse,
Lend me thy little pretty cherry lip,
To kisse me cozen, lay thy little hand
Vpon my cheeke, and hug me tenderly,
Would the cleere rayes of thy two glorious sunnes,
Could penetrate the corners of my heart,
That thou might see, how much I tender thee.
My friends beholde within this little bulke,

Two Tragedies in one.

Two perfect bodies are incorporate,
His life holdes mine, his heart contains my hart,
His euery lim, contains my euery part :
Without f's being, I can neuer be,
He being dead, prepare to burie me.
Oh thou immortall mouer of the spheares,
Within their circled reuolutions,
Whose glorious image this small orphant beares,
Wrought by thy all sufficient Maiestie,
Oh neuer suffer any wicked hand,
To harme this heavenly workmanship of thine,
But let him liue, great God to honour thee,
With vertuous life, and spotlesse pietie.

Per. Cease my kinde cooze, I cannot choose but weepe,
To see your care of my securitie.

Allen. Knewst thou my reason, that perswades my hart,
Thou wouldst not wonder, why I grieue to part :
But yet I would suspect my fathers vowe,
Did any other make it by your leaue.

Fall. What haue you done, this lothnesse to depart,
Seemes you were trained vp in tediousnesse,
That know not when and where to make an end:
Take him my friends, I know you will discharge,
The hope and trust that I repose in you.

Both. Assure your selfe, in euery circumstance.

Fall. Then to your horses, quicklie, speedily,
Else we shall put our fingers in the eye,
And weepe for kindnesse till to morrow inorne.

Per. Farewell good Vnckle, Aunt, and louing cooze.

Sostratus kisses the boy weeping.

Allen. Farewell, I feare me euerlastinglie.

Exeunt Sostratus and Allen.

*One of the murtherers takes Falleria by the
scene.*

1. m. You meane not now to haue him murdered?

Fall. Not murdered, what else? kill him I say,
But wherefore makest thou question of my will?

Two Tragedies in one.

Mur. Because you wisht that God should be reueng'd
If any ill betide the innocent.

Fall. Oh that was nothing but to blind the eyes,
Of my fond sonne, which loues him too too well.

Mur. It is enough, it shall be surely done. *Exeunt om.*

Enter Merry and Rachel with a bag.

Mer. What halt thou sped? haue you bought the bag?

Rach. I brother, here it is, what is't to do?

Mer. To beare hence *Beeches* body in the night.

Rach. You cannot beare so great a waight your selfe,
And 'tis no trusting of another man.

Mer. Yes well enough, as I will order it,
Ile cut him peece-meale, first his head and legs
Will be one burthen, then the mangled rest,
Will be another, which I will transport,
Beyond the water in a Ferry boate,
And throw it into *Paris-garden* ditch,
Fetch me the chopping-knife, and in the meane
Ile moue the Fagots that do couer him.

Remoueth the Fagots.

Rach. Oh can you finde in hart to cut and cartie,
His stone colde flesh, and rob the greedy graue,
Of his disseuered blood besprinkled lims?

Mer. I may can I fetch the chopping knife.

Rach. This deed is worse, the whe you tooke his life. *Exit*

Mer. But worse, or berter, now it must be so,
Better do thus, then feele a greater woe.

Ent. Rach. Here is the knife, I cannot stay to see,
This barbarous deed of inhumanitie. *Exit Rachel.*

*Merry begins to cut the body, and bindes the armes
behinde his backe with Beeches garters, leaues
out the body, coners the head and legs againe.*

Enter Truth.

Yee glorious beames of that bright-shining lampe,
That lights the starre bespangled firmament,

Two Tragedies in one.

And dimmes the glimmering shadowes of the night,
Why doost thou lend assistance to this wretch,
To shamle forth with bolde audacitie,
His lims, that beares thy makers semblance.
All you the sad spectators of this Acte,
Whose harts do taste a feeling pensiuenesse,
Of this vnheard of sauadge Massacre :
Oh be farre of, to harbour such a thought,
As this audacious murderer put in vre,
I see your sorrowes flowe vp to the brim,
And ouerflowe your cheekes with brinish teares,
But though this sight bring surfet to the eye,
Delight your eares with pleasing harmonie,
That eares may counterchecke your eyes, and say,
Why shed you teares, this deede is but a playe:
His worke is done, he seekes to hide his sinne,
He waile his woe, before his woe begin. *Exit Truth.*

Mer. Now will I high me to the water side,
And sling this heauie burthen in a ditche,
Whereof my soule doth feele so great a waight,
That it doth almost presse me downe with feare,

Enter Rachell.

Harke Rachel: I will crosse the water straight,
And sling this middle mention of a man,
Into some ditch, then high me home againe,
To rid my house of that is left behinde.

Rach. Where haue you laide the legs & battered head?

Mer. Vnder the fagots, where it lay before,
Helpe me to put this trunke into the bag.

Rach. My heart will not endure to handle it,
The sight hereof doth make me quake for feare.

Mer. He do't my selfe, onely drie vp the blood,
And burne the clothes as you haue done before. *Exit.*

Rach. I feare thy soule will burie in flames of hell,
Vnlesse repentance wash away thy sinne,
With cleansing teares of true contrition :
Ah did not nature ouerstay my will,

The

Two Tragedies in one.

The world should know this plot of damned ill. *Exit*

Enter two Murderers with Pertillo.

Per. I am so wearie in this combrous wood,
That I must needs go sit me downe and rest.

1. Mur. What were we best to kill him vnawares,
Or giue him notice what we doe intend?

2. Mur. Whie then belike you meane to do your charge
And feele no tast of pittie in your hart.

1. Mur. Of pittie man, that neuer enters heere,
And if it should, Ide threat my crauen hart,
To stab it home, for harbouring such a thought,
I see no reason whie I should relent:
It is a charitable vertuous deede,

To end this princkocke from this sinfull world.

2. Mur. Such charitie will neuer haue reward,
Vnlesse it be with sting of conscience:

And that's a torment worse then *Sisyphus*;
That rowles a restlesse stone against the hill.

1. Mur. My conscience is not prickt with such conceit.

2. Mur. That shews thee further off from hoped grace.

1. Mur. Grace me no graces, I respect no grace,
But with a grace, to giue a gracelesse stab,

To chop folkes legges and armes off by the stumpes,
To see what shift theile make to scramble home:

Pick out mens eyes, and tell them thats the sport,
Of hood-man-blinde, without all sportiuenesse,

If with a grace I can performe such pranches,

My hart will giue mine agents many thanks.

2. Mur. Then God forbid I should consort my selfe,
With one so far from grace and pietie.

Least being found within thy companie,

I should be partner of thy punishment.

1. Mur. When wee haue done what we haue vow'd to
My hart desires to haue no fellowship, *(do,*

With those that talke of grace or godlinesse:

I nam'd not God vnleaff twere with an othe,

Sence the first houre that I could walke alone,

Two Tragedies in one.

(And you that make so much of conscience,
 By heauen thou art a damned hypocrite:
 For thou hast vow'd to kill that sleeping boy,
 And all to gaine two hundreth markes in gold,
 I know this purenesse comes of pure deceit,
 To draw me from the murdering of the child,
 That you alone might haue the benefit,
 You are too shallow, if you gull me so,
 Chop of my head to make a Sowsing-tub,
 And fill it full of tripes and chitterlinges.

2. *Mur.* That thou shalt see my hart is far from fraud,
 Or vaine illusion in this enterprize,
 Which doth import the safetie of our soules,
 There take my earnest of impietie. *Give him his mony.*
 Onely forbear to lay thy ruder handes,
 Vpon the poore mistrustlesse tender child,
 As for our vowes, feare not their violence,
 God will forgiue on hartie penitence.

1. *Mur.* Thou Eunuch, Capon, dastard, fast and loose,
 Thou weathercocke of mutabilitie,
 White liuered Paisant, wilt thou vowe and sweare,
 Face and make semblance with thy bagpipe othes,
 Of that thou neuer meanst to execute?
 Pure cowardice for feare to crack thy necke,
 With the huge *Caos* of thy bodies waight,
 Hath sure begot this true contrition,
 Then fast and pray, and see if thou canst winne,
 A goodlie pardon for thy hainous sinne,
 As for the boy, this fatall instrument,
 Was mark'd by heauen to cut his line of life,
 And must supplie the knife of *Atrôpos*,
 And if it doe not, let this maister peece,
 (Which nature lent the world to wonder at)
 Be slit in *Carbonadoes* for the iawes,
 Of some men-eating hungrie *Canniball*:
 By heauen ile kill him onely for this cause,
 For that he came of vertuous Aunceltors,

Two Tragedies in one.

2. m. But by that God, which made that wondrous globe,
Wherein is scene his powerfull dietie,
Thou shalt not kill him maugre all thy spight:
Swear, and forswear thy selfe ten thousand times,
Awake *Pertullo*, for thou art betray'd,
This bloody slaue intends to murder thee. *Draw both.*

1. mur. Both him, and all, that dare to rescue him.

Per. Wherefore? because I slept without your leaue?
Forgiue my fault, Ile neuer sleepe againe.

2. mur. No child, thy wicked Vnckle hath suborn'd,
Both him and me to take thy life away:
Which I would saue, but that this helth impe,
Will not consent to spare thy guiltlesse blood.

Per. Why should *Falleria* seeke to haue my life.

2. mur. The lands and goods, thy father left his sonne,
Do hale thee on to thy destruction.

Per. Oh needy treasure, harme be getting good,
That safely should procure the losse of blood.

2. mu. Those lands and goods, thy father got with paine,
Are swords wherewith his little sonne is staine.

1. mu. Then let our swords let out his guiltlesse life.

Per. Sweete, sowre, kinde, cruell, holde thy murdering
And here me speake, before you murder me. *(knife,*

2. mu. Feare not sweet child, he shall not murder thee.

1. mu. No, but my sword shall let his puddings foorth.

Per. First here me speake, thou map of Butcherie,
Tis but my goods and lands my Vnckle seekes,

Hauing that safely, he desires no more,
I do protest by my dead parents soules,
By the deare loue of false *Fallerios* sonne,
Whose heart, my heart assures me, will be grieu'd,
To heare his fathers inhumanitie:

I will forsake my cuntry, goods, and lands,
I and my selfe, will euen change my selfe,

In name, in life, in habit, and in all,

And liue in some farte moued continent,
So you will spare my weake and tender youth,

Which

Two Tragedies in one.

Which cannot entertaine the stroake of death,
In budding yeares, and verie Spring of life.

1. *Mur.* Leauē of these bootlesse protestations,
And vse no ruth enticing argumentes,
For if you doe, ile lop you lim by lim,
And torture you for childish eloquence.

2. *Mur.* Thou shalt not make his little finger ake.

1. *Mur.* Yes every part, and this shall prooue it true.

Rannes Pertillo in with his sworde,

Per. Oh I am slaine, the Lord forgiue thy fact,
And giue thee grace to dye with penitence. *Dyeth.*

2. *Mur.* A treacherous villaine, full of cowardise,
Ile make thee know that thou hast done amisse.

1. *m.* Teach me that knowledge when you will or dare.

*They fight and kill one another, the relinquer hauing
some more life, and the other dyeth.*

1. *mur.* Swoones I am peppered, I had need haue salt,
Or else to morrow I shall yeeld a sincke,
Worse then a heape of durty excrements:
Now by this Hilt, this golde was earn'd too deare:
Ah, how now death, wilt thou be conquerour?
Then vengeance light on them that made me so,
And ther's another farewell ere I goe.

Stab the other murderer againe.

2. *mur.* Enough, enough, I had my death before.

A hunt within.

*Enter the Duke of Padua, Turqualo, Vesuvio,
Alberto, &c.*

Duke. How now my Lords, was't not a gallant courſe.
Beleeue me sirs, I neuer saw a wretch,
Make better shift to saue her little life:
The thickets full of buskes and scratching bryers,
A mightie dewe, a many deepe mouth'd hounds,
Let loose in euery place to crosse their course,
And yet the Hare got cleanly from them all:
I would not for a hundred pound in faith,

Bur



Two Tragedies in one.

But that she had escaped with her life,
For we will winde a merry hunters horne,
And start her once againe to morrow morne.

Targ. In troth my Lord, the litle flocked hound,
That had but three good legs to further him,
Twas formost still, and furer of his sent,
Then any one in all the crie besides.

Vesu. But yet *Pendragon* gaue the Hare more turnes.

Alber. That was becaufe he was more polliticke,
And eyed her closely in her couerts still:
They all did well, and once more we will trie,
The subtile creature with a greater crie.

Enter Allenso booted.

Duke. But say, what well accomplishd Gentleman,
Is this that comes into our company?

Vesu. I know him well, it is *Falerios* sonne,
Pandynos brother (a kinde Gentleman)
That dyed, and left his litle pretty sonne,
Vnto his fathers good direction.

Duke. Stand close awhile, and ouer heare his wordes,
He seemes much cuer-gone with passion.

Aln. Yee timorous thoughts that guide my giddy steps,
In vnknowne pathes of dreadfull wildernesse,
Why traitor-like do you conspire to holde,
My pained heart, twixt feare and ielousie,
My too much care hath brought me carelesly,
Into this woody sauadge labyrinth,
And I can finde no waye to issue out,

Feare hath so dazeled all my better part,
That reason hath forgot disreations art:
But in good time, see where is company.
Kinde Gentlemen, if you vnlike my selfe,
Are not incumbred with the circling wayes,
Of this erronious winding wildernesse,
I pray you to direct me soorth this wood,
And shew the pathe that leades to *Padua*.

Duke. We all are *Paduans*, and we all intend,

Two Tragedies in one.

To passe forthwith, with speed to *Padua*.]

Allen. I will attend vpon you presently. *See the bodies.*

Duke. Come then away, but gentlemen beholde,
A bloody sight, and murderous spectacle.

2. Mur. Oh God forgiue me all my wickednesse,
And take me to eternall happinesse.

Duke. Harke one of them hath some small sparke of life,
To kindle knowledge of their sad mishaps.

Allen. Ah gracious Lord, I know this wretched child,
And these two men that here lye murdered.

Vespa. Do you *Alonso*? *Allen*. I my gracious Lord:
It was *Perrillo* my dead Vnckles sonne:

Now haue my feares brought forth this fearefull childe,
Ofendlesse care, and euerlasting griefe.

Duke. Lay hands vpon *Alonso* Gentlemen,
Your presence doth confirme you had a share,
In the performance of this crueltie.

Allen. I do confesse I haue so great a share,
In this mishap, that I will giue him thanks,
That will let soorth my sorrow wounded soule,
From out this goale of lamentation.

Duke. Tis now too late to wish for hadiwist,
Had you withheld your hand from this attempt,
Sorrow had neuer so imprisoned you.

Allen. Oh my good Lord, you do mistake my case,
And yet my griefe is truee infallible,
The Lord of heauen can witness with my soule,
That I am guiltlesse of your wrong suspect,
But yet not grieefelesse that the deed is done.

Duke. Nay if you stand to iustifie your selfe,
This Gentleman whose life dooth seeme to stay,
Within his body tell he tell your shame,
Shall testifie of your integritie:
Speake then thou sad Anatomy of death,
Who were the agents of your wofulnesse:

2. Mur. O be not blinded with a false surmise,
For least my tongue should faile to end the tale.

Two Tragedies in one.

Of our vntimely fate appointed death :
Know young *Allenso* is as innocent,
As is *Fallerio* guiltie of the crime.
He, he it was, that with foure hūndreth markes,
Whereof two hundred he paid presently,
Did hire this damn'd villaine and my selfe,
To massacre this harmelesse innocen:
But yet my conscience toucht with some remorse,
Would faine haue sau'd the young *Pertilos* life,
But he remorselesse would not let him liue,
But vnawares thrust in his harmlesse brest,
That life bereauing satall instrument:
Which cruell deede I seeking to reuenge,
Haue lost my life, and paid the slaue his due
Rewarde, for spilling blood of Innocents :
Surprise *Fallerio* author of this ill,
Saue young *Allenso*, he is guiltlesse still.

Ailer. Oh sweetest honie mixt with bitter gall, *Dyeth.*
Oh Nightingale combinde with Rauens notes,
Thy speech is like a woodward that should say,
Let the tree liue; but take the roote away.
As though my life were ought but miserie,
Hauing my father slaine for infamie.

Duke. What should incite *Fallerio* to deuise,
The ouerthrowe of this vnhappie boy.

Vesu. That may be easily guest my gracious Lord,
To be the lands *Pandino* left his sonne,
Which after that the boy were murdered,
Discend to him by due inheritance.

Duke. You deeme aright, see gentlemen the fruites,
Of coueting to haue anothers right,
Oh wicked thought of greedie couetice,
Could neither nature, feare of punishment,
Scandall to wife and children, nor the feare,
Of Gods confounding strict seuertie,
Alay the head-strong furie of thy will,
Beware my friends to wish vnlawfull gaine,

Two Tragedies in one.

It will beget strange actions full of feare,
And ouerthrowe the actor vnawares,
For first *Fallerios* life must fauiffic,
The large effusion of their guiltlesse bloods,
Traind on by him to these ex .remities,
Next, wife and children must be disposed,
Of lands and goods, and turnde to beggerie,
But most of all, his great and hainous sinne,
Will be an eye sore to his guiltlesse kinne.
Beare hence away these models of his shame,
And let vs prosecute the murtherer,
With all the care and dilligence we can.

Two must be carrying away Pertillo.

Allen. Forbear a while, to beare away my ioy,
Which now is vanisht, since his life is fled,
And giue me leaue to wash his deadly wound,
With hartie teares, out-flowing from those eyes,
Which lou'd his sight, more then the sight of heauens
Forgiue me God for this idolatrie.
Thou vgly monster, grim imperious death,
Thou raw-bonde lumpe of foule deformitie.
Regardlesse instrument of ciuell fate,
Vnparciall Sergeant, full of treacherie,
Why didst thou flatter my ill boding thoughts,
And flesh my hopes with vaine illusions:
Why didst thou say, *Pertillo* should not dye,
And yet, oh yet, hast done it cruelly:
Oh but beholde, with what a smiling cheere,
He intertain'd thy bloody harbinger:
See thou transformer of a heauenly face,
To Ashie paleness and vnpleasing lookes,
That his faire countenance still retaineth grace,
Of perfect beauty in the very graue,
The world would say such beauty should not dye.
Yet like a theefe thou didst it cruelly:
Ah, had thy eyes deepe sunke into thy head,
Beene able to perceiue his vertuous minde,

Where

Two Tragedies in one,

Where vertue sate inthroned in a chaire,
With awfull grace, and pleasing maiestie:
Thou wouldest not then haue let *Pertillo* die,
Nor like a theefe haue slaine him cruellie.
Ineuitable fates, could you deuise,
No meanes to bring me to this pilgrimage,
Full of great woes and sad calamities,
But that the father should be principall,
To plot the present downfall of the sonne:
Come then kinde death and giue me leaue to die,
Since thou hast slaine *Pertillo* cruellie.

Du. Forbear *Alleso* harken to my doome,
Which doth concerne thy fathers apprehension,
First we enioyne thee vpon paine of death,
To giue no succour to thy wicked sire,
But let him perrish in his damned sinne,
And pay the price of such a trecherie:
See that with speede the monster be attach'd,
And bring him safe to suffer punishment,
Preuent it not, nor seeke not to delude,
The officers to whom this charge is giuen,
For if thou doe, as sure as God doth liue:
Thy selfe shall satisfie the lawes contempt,
Therefore forward about this punishment.

Exeunt omnes manet Alleso.

Al. Thankes gracious God that thou hast left the meanes
To end my soule from this perplexitie,
Nor succour him on paine of present death:
That is no paine, death is a welcome guest,
To those whose harts are ouerwhelm'd with grieffe,
My woes are done, I hauing leaue to die,
And after death liue euer ioyfullie. *Exit.*

Enter Murder and Couetousnesse.

Mur. Now *Auarice* I haue well satisfied,
My hungry thoughtes with blood and crueltie:
Now all my melanchollie discontent,

Two Tragedies in one.

Is shaken of; and I am throughlie pleas'd,
With what thy pollicie hath brought to passe,
Yet am I not so throughlie satisfi'd:
Vntill I bring the purple actors forth,
And cause them quaffe a bowle of bitteresse,
That father, sonne, and sister brother may,
Bring to their deaths with most assur'd decay.

Ann. That wilbe done without all question,
For thou hast slaine *Alonso* with the boy:
And *Rachell* doth not wish to ouerliue,
The sad remembrance of her brothers sinne,
Leaue faithfull loue, to teach them how to dye,
That they may share their kinsfolkes miserie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Merrie and Rachell uncovering the
head and legges.*

Mer. I haue bestow'd a watrie funeral,
On the halfe bodie of my butchered friend,
The head and legges Ile leaue in some darke place,
I care not if they finde them yea or no.

Ra. Where do you meane to leaue the head and leggs,

Mer. In some darke place nere to *Bainardes* castle,

Ra. But doe it closelie that you be not seene,
For all this while you are without suspect.

Mer. Take you no thought, ile haue a care of that,
Onelie take heede you haue a speciall care,
To make no shew of any discontent,
Nor vse too many words to any one.

Puts on his cloake taketh up the bag.

I will returne when I haue left my loade,
Be merrie *Rachell* halfe the feare is past.

Ra. But I shall neuer thinke my selfe secure, *Exit.*
This deede would trouble any quiet soule,
To thinke thereof, much more to see it done,
Such cruell deedes can neuer long be hid,
Although we practice nere so cunningly,

Let

Two Tragedies in one.

Let others open what I doe conceale;
Lo he is my brother, I will couer it,
And rather dye then haue it spoken rife,
Lo where she goes, betraid her brothers life. *Exit.*

Enter Williams and Cowley.

Co. Why how now *Harry* what should be the cause,
That you are growne so discontent of late :
Your sighes do shew some inward heauinesse,
Your heauy lookes, your eyes brimfull of teares,
Bears testimonie of some secret griefe;
Reueale it *Harry*, I will be thy friend,
And helpe thee to my poore habillity.

Wil. If I am heauie, if I often sigh,
And if my eyes beare recordes of my woe,
Condemne me not, for I haue mightie cause,
More then I will impart to any one.

Co. Do you misdoubt me, that you dare not tell
That woe to me, that moues your discontent.

Wil. Good maister *Cowley* you were euer kinde,
But pardon me, I will not vtter it,
To any one, for I haue past my worde,
And therefore vrgc me not to tell my griefe.

Cow. But those that smother griefe too secretly,
May wast themselues in silent anguishment,
And bring their bodies to so low an ebbe,
That all the world can neuer make is flowe,
Vnto the happy hight of former health:
Then be not iniurious to thy selfe,
To wast thy strength in lamentation,
But tell thy case, wele seeke some remedie.

Wil. My cause of griefe is now remediless,
And all the world can neuer lessen it,
Then since no meanes can make my sorrowes lesse,
Suffer me waile a woe which wants redresse.

Cow. Yet let me beare a part in thy lamentes,
I loue thee not so ill, but I will mone,

Two Tragedies in one.

Thy heauie haps, thou shalt not sigh alone.

Wil. Nay, if you are so curious to intrude,
Your selfe to sorrow, where you haue no share,
I will frequent some vnfrequented place,
Where none shall here nor see my lamentations.

Cow. And I will follow where soeuer thou goe,
I will be partner of thy helpelesse woe. *Exit.*
Exit.

Enter two Watermen.

1. Will ist not time we should go to our boates,
And giue attendance for this Bartlemew tide:
Folkes will be stirring early in the morning.

2. By my troth I am indifferent whether I go or no.
If a fare come why so, if not, why so, if I haue not their
money, they shall haue none of my labour.

1. But we that liue by our labours, must giue attendance,
But where lyes thy Boate?

2. At Baynards castle staires.

1. So do's mine, then lets go together.

2. Come, I am indifferent, I care not so much for going,
But if I go with you, why so: if not, why so.

He falls ouer the bag.

Sblood what rascall hath laide this in my way?

1. A was not very indifferent that did so, but you are so
permentorie, to say, why so, and why so, that euery one is
glad to do you iniurie, but lets see, what is it?

*Taking the Sack by the end, one of the
legs and head drops out.*

Good Lord deliuer vs, a mans legges, and a head with ma-
nie wounds.

2. Whats that so much, I am indifferent, yet for mine
owne part, I vnderstand the miserie of it, if you doe, why
so, if not, why so.

1. By my troth I vnderstand no other mistery but this,
It is a strange and very ruffull sight,
But prethee what doost thou conceit of it.

2. In troth I am indifferent, for if I tell you, why so, if not
why

Two Tragedies in one.

why so.

1. If thou tell me, Ile thanke thee, therefore I priethee tell me.

2. I tell you I am indifferent, but to be plaine with you, I am greued to stumble at the hangmans budget.

1. At the hangmans budget, why this is a sack.

2. And to speake indifferently, it is the hangmans Budget, and because he thought too much of his labour, so set this head vpon the bridge, and the legs vpon the gates, he flings them in the streete for men to stumble at, but if I get him in my boate, Ile so belabour him in a stretcher, that he had better be stretcht in one of his owne halfe peny halters: if this be a good conceit, why so, if not, why so.

1. Thou art deceiu'd, this head hath many wounds, And hoase and shooes remaining on the legs, Bull alwayes strips all quartered traitors quite.

2. I am indifferent whether you beleue me or no, these were not worth taking off, and therefore he left them on, if this be likely why so, if not, why so.

1. Nay then I see you growe from worse to worse, I heard last night, that one neere Lambert hill Was missing, and his boye was murthred, It may be this is a part of that same man: What ere it be, Ile beare it to that place.

2. Masse I am indifferent, Ile go along with you, If it be so, why so, if not why so. *Exeunt.*

Enter three neighbors knocking at Loney's doore: Loney comes.

1. Hoc maister Loney, here you any newes, What is become of your Tennant Beech?

Lon. No truly sir, not any newes at all.

2. What hath the boy recouered any speach, To giue vs light of these suggestions, That do arise vpon this accident.

Lon. There is no hope he should recouer speach, The wiues do say, he's ready now to leaue

Two Tragedies in one.

This greuous world full fraught with treacherie,
 3. Me thinks if *Beech* himselfe be innocent,
 That then the murtherer should not dwell farre off,
 The hammer that is sticking in his head,
 Was borrowed of a Cutler dwelling by,
 But he remembers not, who borrowed it:
 He is committed that did owe the hammer,
 But yet he standes vppon his innocence,
 And *Beeches* absence causeth great suspicion.

Lo. If *Beech* be faulty, as I do not thinke,
 I neuer was so much deceiud before,
 Oh had you knowne his conuerlation,
 You would not hate him in suspicion.

3. Diuels seeme Saints, and in this hate full times,
 Deccite can beate apparraunt signes of trueth,
 And vice beare shew of vertues excellence.

Enter the two Watermen.

1. I pray is this maister *Beeches* house?

Lo. My friend this same was maister *Beeches* shop,
 We cannot tell whether he liue or no,

1. Know you his head and if I shew it you,
 Or can you tell what hose or shooes he ware,
 At that same time when he forsooke the shoppe.

3. What haue you head, and hose, and shooes to show,
 And want the body that should vse the same.

1. Behold this head, these legges, these hose and shooes,
 And see if they were *Beeches* yea or no.

Lo. They are the same, alas what is become,
 Of the remainder of this wretched man.

1. *Wat.* Nay that I know not, onelie these we found,
 As we were comming vp a narrow lane,
 Neere Baynardes Castle, where we two did dwell,
 And heering that a man was missing hence,

We thought it good to bring these to this place, (paines,
 3. Thankes my good friendes, ther's some thing for your

2. *Wat.* We are indifferēt, whether you giue vs any thing
 or nothing, and if you had not, why so, but since you haue,
 1. *Wat.*

Two Tragedies in one.

1. *Wat.* Leauē your repining fir we thanke you hartely.

3. Farewell good fellowes, neighbour now be bold,

Exeunt Watermen.

They dwell not farre that did this bloodie deed,

As God no boubr will at the last reueale:

Though they conceale it nere so cunninglie,

All house s, gutters, sincks and creuices,

Haue carefullie beene sought for, for the blood.

Yet theres no instance found in any place.

Enter a Porter and a gentleman.

But who is that, that brings a heauy leade,

Behinde him on a painefull porters backe.

Gen. Praie gentlemen which call you *Beeches* shoppe?

3. *Neig.* This is the place, what wold you with the man?

Gen. Nothing with him, I heare the man is dead,

And if he be not, I haue lost my paines.

Lo. Hees dead indeede, but yet we cannot finde,

What is becomē of halfe his hope! esse bodie,

His head and legges are found but for the rest,

No man can tell what is become of it.

Gen. Then I doe thinke I can resolue your doubt,

And bring you certaine tydings of the rest,

And if you know his doublet and his shirt:

As for the bodie it is so abusd,

That no man can take notice whoes it was,

Set downe this burthen of anothers shame,

What do you know the doublet and the shirt. *Ex. Porter.*

Lo. This is the doublet, these the seuered limmes,

Which late were ioyned to that mangled trunkes,

Lay them together see if they can make,

Among them all a sound and solid man.

3. *neigh.* They all agree, but yet they cannot make,

That sound and whole, which a remorseles hand

Hath seuered with a knife of crueltie:

But say good sir, where did you finde this out?

Gen. Walking betime by Paris-garden ditch,

Hauiing my Water Spaniel by my side,

Two Tragedies in one.

When we approach'd vnto that haplesse place,
Where this same trunke lay drowned in a ditch,
My Spaniell gan to sent, to barke, to plunge,
Into the water, and came forth againe,
And sawnd on me, as if a man should say,
Helpe out a man that heere lyes murdered.
At first I tooke delight to see the dog,
Thinking in vaine some game did there lye hid,
Amoigst the Nettles growing neere the bank:
But when no game, nor any thing appeard,
That might produce the Spaniell to this sport,
I gan to rate and beate the harmlesse Cur,
Thinking to make him leaue to follow me;
But words, nor blowes, could moue the dog away,
But still he plung'd, he diu'd, he barkt, he ran
Scril to my side, as if it were for helpe:
I seeing this, did make the ditch be dragd,
Where then was found this body as you see,
With great amazeiment to the lookers on.

3. Beholde the mightie miracles of God;
That senselesse things should propagate their sinne,
That are more beastiall farre then beattlinesse,
Of any creature most insensible.

2. *neigh.* Cease we to wonder at Gods wondrous works,
And let vs labour for to bring to light,
Those masked fiends that thus dishonor him:
This sack is new, and loe beholde his marke
Remaines vpon it, which did sell the bag,
Amongst the Salters we shall finde it out,
When, and to whom, this bloody bag was sold.

3. 'Tis very likely, let no paines be spard,
To bring it out, if it be possible,
'Twere pittie such a murder should remaine
Vnpunished, mongst Turkes and Infidels.

1. *neigh.* Sirs, I do know the man that solde this bag,
And if you please, he fetch him presently.

Gen. With all our hearts, how say you Gentlemen?

Per-

Two Tragedies in one.

Perchance the murder thus may come to light.

3. I pray you do it, we will tarry heere: *Exit 1. neigh.*
And let the eyes of euery passenger
Be satisfied, which may example be,
How they commit so dreadfull wickednesse.

Ent. wom. And please your maisterships the boy is dead.

3. *neigh.* Tis very strange, that hauing many wounds,
So terrible, so ghastlie, which is more,
Hauing the hammer sticking in his head,
That he should liue and stirre from Friday night,
To Sunday morning, and euen then depart,
When that his Maisters mangled course were found,
Bring him forth too, perchance the murderers
May haue their hearts touched with due remorse,
Viewing their deeds of damned wickednesse.

Bring forth the boye and lay him by Beech.

1. *neigh.* Here is the Salters man that solde the bag,

Gent. My friend, how long since did you sell that bag?
And vnto whom, if you remember it?

Sal. I sold the bag good fir but yesterday,
Vnto a maide, I do not know her name.

3. *neigh.* Nor where she dwels. *Sal.* No certainly.

2. *neigh.* But what apparell had she on her back?

Sal. I do not well remember what she wore,
But if I saw her I should know her sure.

3. *neigh.* Go round about to euery neighbors house,
And will them shew their maides immediatly:
God graunt we may finde out the murderers.

Go to one house, and knock at doore, asking,

Bring forth such maides as are within your house.

1. *housekeeper.* I haue but one, ile send her downe to you.

3. *neigh.* Is this the maide. *Come out maide.*

Sal. No fir, this is not she. *Go to another, &c.*

How many maides do dwell within this house?

2. *house.* Her's nere a woman here, except my wife.

Go to Merrys.

3. *neigh.* Whose house is this?

Two Tragedies in one.

Lon. An honest ciuill mans, cald *Master Merry*,
Who I dare be sworne, would neuer do so great a murder
But you may aske heere to for fashion sake.

Rachel sits in the shop.

3. How now faire maide, dwais any here but you?
Thou hast too true a face for such a deed.

Rach. No gentle sir, my brother keepes no more.

3. *neigh.* This is not she? *Sab.* No truly gentlemā. *Ex. R.*

3. This will not serue, we cannot finde her out,
Bring in those bodies, it growes towards night,
God bring these damn'd murderers at length to light.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Merry and Rachel.

Mer. Why go the neighbours round about the streete
To euery house? what hast thou heard the cause?

Rach. They go about with that same Salters man,
Of whom I bought the bag but yesterday,
To see if he can know the maide againe
Which bought it, this I thinke the very cause.

Mer. How were my fences ouercome with feare,
That I could not foresee this ieopardy:
For had I brought the bag away with me,
They had not had this meanes to finde it out.
Hide thee aboue least that the Salters man,
Take notice of thee that thou art the maide,
And by that knowledge we be all vndone.

Rach. That feare is past, I sawe, I spake with him,
Yet he denies that I did buy the bag:
Besides, the neighbors haue no doubt of you,
Saying you are an honest harmeless man,
And made enquire heere for fashion sake.

Mer. My former life, deserues their good conceits,
Were it not blemisht with this treacherie.
My heart is merier then it was before,
For now I hope the greatest feare is past,
The hammer is denied, the bag vnknowne,
Now there is left no meanes to bring it out,

Vnlesse

Two Tragedies in one.

Vnlesse our selues prooue Traitors to our selues.

Rach. When saw you *Hury Williams*? *Mr.* Why to day
I met him comming home from *Powles Crosse*;
Where he had beene to heare a Sermon.

Rach. Why brought you not the man along with you
To come to dinner, that we might perswade
Him to continue in his secrecie.

Mer. I did intreate him, but he would not come,
But vow'd to be as secret as my selfe.

Rach. What, did he sweare?

Mer. What neede you aske me that?
You know we neuer heard him sweare an othe.
But since he hath conceal'd the thing thus long,
I hope in God he will conceale it still.

Rach. Pray God he do, and then I haue no doubt,
But God will ouerpasse this greuous sinne,
If you lament with true vnfeined teares,
And seeke to liue the remnant of your yeares,
In Gods true feare with vpright conscience.

Mer. If it would please him pardon this amisse,
And rid my body from the open shame,
That doth attend this deed, being brought to light,
I would endeuour all my comming dayes,
To please my maker, and exalt his praise:
But it growes late, come bring me to my bed,
That I may rest my sorrow charg'd head.

Rach. Rest still in calme secure tranquillitie,
And ouer-blowe this storme of nightie feare,
With pleasant gales of hoped quietnesse,
Go when you will, I will attend, and pray,
To send this wofull night a cheerefull day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falleria and Sostrata
Weeping.

Fall. Passe ore these rugged furrowes of laments,
And come to plainer paches of cheerefulnesse,
Cease thy continuall showers of thy woe,

And

Two Tragedies in one.

And let my pleasing wordes of comfort chafe,
This duskie cloudes of thy vniust dispaire,
Farre from thy hart, and let a pleasing hope,
Of young *Pertillos* happy safe returne,
Establish all your ill deuining thoughts,
So shall you make me cheerefull that am sad,
And feede your hopes with fond illusions.

Sof. I could be so, but my diuided soule,
Twixt feare and hope of young *Pertillos* life,
Cannot ariue at the desired port,
Of firme belcefe, vntill mine eyes do see,
Him that I sent to know the certaintie.

Fal. To know the certaintie, of whom, of what,
Whome, whether, when, or whereabout I praie,
Haue you dispatch a frustrate messenger,
By heauen, and earth, my heart misguiseth me,
They will preuent my cunning pollicie. *To the people.*
Why speake you not what winged *Pegasus*,
Is posted for your satisfaction.

Sof. Me thinkes my speach reueales a hidden feare,
And that feare telles me, that the childe is dead.

Fal. By sweete *S. Andrew* and my fathers soule,
I thinke the pecuifh boy be too too well:
But speake, who was your passions harbinger.

Sof. One that did kindle my misdoubring thoughtes,
With the large flame of his timidity.

Fal. Oh then I know the tinder of your feare,
Was young *Allenso* your white honnie sonne:
Confusion light vpon his timerous head,
For broching this large streame of feare fulnesse,
And all the plagues that damned furies feele,
For their forepassed bold iniquities:
Afflict you both for thus preuenting me.

Sof. Preuenting you, of what, *Fallerio* speake,
For if you doe not, my poore hart will breake.

Fal. Why of the good that I had purposed,
To young *Pertillo*, which I would conceale,

Two Tragedies in one.

From you, and him, vntill the deed were done.

Soft. If it were good, then we affect him deare,
And would adde furtherance to your enterprife.

Fall. I say your close ease-dropping pollicies,
Haue hindered him of greater benefits,
Then I can euer do him after this:
If he liue long, and growe to riper sinne, *To the people*
Heele curse you both, that thus haue hindered
His freedome from this goale of sinfull flesh:
But let that passe, when went your harebraine sonne,
That Cuckow vertue-singing, hatefull byrde,
To garde the safetie of his better part,
Which he hath pend within the childish coope,
Of young *Perrillos* sweete securitie.

Soft. That louely sonne, that comfort of my life,
That roote of vertuous magnamitie,
That doth affect with an vnfaigned loue,
That tender boy, which vnder heauens bright eye,
Deserueth most to be affected deare,
Went some two houres after the little boy
Was sent away, to keepe at *Padua*.

Fall. What is a louelie? he's a loathsome toade,
A one cyde *Cyclops*, a stigmaticke brat,
That durst attempt to contradict my will,
And prie into my close intendements.

Enter Alenso sad.

Mas here a comes, his downcast sullen looke,
Is ouer waigh'd with mightie discontent,
I hope the brat is posted to his fire,
That he is growne so lazic of his pace:
Forgetfull of his dutie, and his tongue,
Is euen fast tyde with strings of heauinesse.
Come hether boye, sawst thou my obstacle,
That little *Dromus* that crept into my sonne,
With friendly hand, remou'd and thrust away,
Say I, and please me with the sweetest note,
That euer relisht in a mortals mouth.

H

Alens.

Two Tragedies in one.

Allen. I am a Swan that singe before I dye,
Your note of shame and comming miserie.

Fall Speake softly sonne, let not thy mother heare,
She was almost dead before for very feare.

Allen. Would I could roare as instruments of warre,
Wall battring Cannons, when the Gun-powder
Is toucht with part of *Etnas* Element,
Would I could bellow like enraged Bulls,
Whose harts are full of indignation,
To be captiu'd by humane pollicie:
Would I could thunder like Almighty *Ioue*,
That sends his farre heard voice to terrific,
The wicked hearts of earthly citizens:
Then roaring, bellowing, thundring, I would say,
Mother lament, *Pertillos* made away.

Soft. What is he dead, God giue me leaue to die,
And him repentance for his treacherie.

Falleth downe and dyeth.

Fall. Neuer the like impietie was done,
A mother slaine, with terror of the sonne:
Helpe to repaire the damage thou hast made,
And seeke to call back life with dilligence.

Allen. Call back a happie creature to more woe,
That were a sinne, good Father let her go:
O happy I, if my tormenting smart,
Could rend like her's, my grieffe afflicted heart,
Would your hard hart extend vnto your wife,
To make her liue an eueryday life.
What is she dead? oh then thrice happy she,
Whose eyes are bard from our callamitie.

Fall. I all too soone, thou viper, paracide,
But for thy tongue thy mother had not dyde,
That belching voyce, that harsh night-rauen sound,
Vntimely sent thy mother to the ground,
Vpbraid my fault, I did deceiue my brother,
Cut out thy tongue, that slue thy carefull mother.

Allen. God loue my soule, as I in heart reioyce,

Two Tragedies in one.

To haue such power in my death bringing voice,
See how in steade of teares and hartie sighes;
Of foulded armes and sorrow speaking lookes,
I doe behold with cheere full countenance,
The liuelesse roote of my natiuitie:
And thanke her hasty soule that thence did goe,
To keepe her from het sonne and husbandes woe.
Now father giue attention to my tale:
I will not dip my grieffe deciphering tongue,
In bitter wordes of reprehension,
Your deeds haue throwne more mischiefes on your head
Then wit or reason can remoue againe;
For to be brieffe, *Perrillo*, oh that name
Cannot be nam'de without a hearty sigh,
Is murdered, and, *Fal.* What and, this newes is good.

Allen. The men which you subern'd to murder him.

Fal. Better and better, then it cannot out,
Vnlesse your loue will be so scripulous,
That it will ouerthrowe your selfe and me.

Allen. The best is last, and yet you hinder me,
The Duke of *Padua* hunting in the wood:
Accompanied with Lordes and gentlemen,

Fal. Swones what of that? what good can come of that?

Allen. Was made acquainted by the one of them,
(That had some little remnant of his life:)
With all your practice and conspiracie?

Fal. I would that remnant had fled quicke to hell,
To fetch fierce findes to rend their carcases,
Rather then bring my life in ieopardie:
Is this the best, swones doe you mocke me soune,
And make a lest at my calamitie.

Allen. Not I good father, I will ease your woe,
If you but yeeld vnto my pollicie.

Fal. Declare it then, my wits are now to seeke,
That peece of life hath so confounded mee,
That I am wholly overcome with feare.

Allen. The duke hath vow'd to prosecute your life,

Two Tragedies in one.

With all the strict feueritie he can,
But I will crosse his resolution:
And keepe you from his furie well enough,
He weare your habit, I will seeme the man,
That did suborne the bloodie murderers,
I will not stir from out this house of woe,
But waight the comming of the officers,
And answere for you fore the angrie Duke,
And if neede be suffer your punishment.

Fall. He none of that, I do not like the last,
I loue thee dearer then I doe my life,
And all I did, was to aduance thy state,
To sunne bright beames of shining happinesse.

Allen. Doubte not my life, for when I doe appeare
Before the duke, I being not the man,
He can inflict no punishment on mee.

Fall. Mas thou saiest true, a cannot punish thee,
Thou wert no actor of their Tragædie:
But for my beard thou canst not counterfet,
And bring gray haire vpon thy downy chinne,
White frostes are neuer sene in summers spring.

Allen. I bought a beard this day at *Padua*,
Such as our common actors vse to weare:
When youth would put on ages countenance,
Solike in shape, in colour, and in all,
To that which growes vpon your aged face,
That were I dressed in your abilimentes,
Your selfe would scarcely know me from your selfe.

Fal. That's excellent, what shape hast thou deuif'd,
To be my vizard to delude the worlde:

Allen. Why thus, ile presentlie shaue off your haire,
And dresse you in a lowlie shepheardes weede,
Then you will seeme to haue the carefull charge,
Of some wealth bringing rich and fleecy flocke,
And so passe currant from suspicion.

Fall. This care of thine my sonne doth testifie,
Nature in thee hath firme predominance,

That

Two Tragedies in one,

That neither losse of friend, nor vile reproch,
Can shake thee with their strongest violence:
In this disguise, ile see the end of thee,
That thou acquitted, then maist succour me.

Allen. I am assur'd to be exempt from woe. *People.*
This plot will worke my certaine ouerthrow.

Fall. I will beare hence thy mother, and my wife,
Vntimely murdered with true sorrowes knife. *Exit.*

Allen. Vntimely murdered, happy was that grieffe,
Which hath abridg'd whole numbers, numberlesse:
Of hart surcharging deplorations.
She shall haue due and christian funerall,
And rest in peace amongst her aunccestors,
As for our bodies, they shall be inter'd,
In rauening mawes, of Rauens, Puttockes, Crowes,
Of tatlin Magpies, and deathes harbingers,
That wilbe glutted with winde shaken limmes,
Of blood delighting hatefull murderers:
And yet these many winged sepulchers,
Shall turne to earth so I, and father shall,
At last attaine to earth by funerall,
Well I will prosecute my pollicy,
That wished death may end my miseries. *Exit.*

Enter Cowley, and Williams.

Cow. Still in your dumpes, good *Harry* yet at last,
Vtter your motiue of this heauinesse:
Why go you not vnto your maisters house?
What are you parted? if that be the cause,
I will provide you of a better place.

Wil. Who roues all day, at length may hit the marke,
That is the cause, because I cannot stay,
With him whose loue, is dearer then my life.

Cow. Why fell you out? why did you part so soone?

Wil. We fell not out, but feare hath parted vs.

Cow. What did he feare your truth or honest life?

Wil. No, no, your vnderstanding is but diuine,

Two Tragedies in one.

That farre remooued, cannot iudge the feare,
We both were fearefull, and we both did part,
Because indeed we both were timerous.

Cow. What accident begot your mutuall feare?

Will. That which my hart hath promis'd to conceale.

Cow. Why now you fall into your auncient vaine.

Will. Tis vaine to vrge me from this silent vaine,

I will conceale it, though it breed my paine.

Cow. It seemes to be a thing of consequence,

And therefore prithie *Harry* for my loue,

Open this close fast clasped mysterie.

Will. Were I assur'd my heart should haue release,

Of secret torment, and distemperature,

I would reueale it to you specially,

Whom I haue found my faithfull fauorite.

Cow. Good *Harrie Williams* make no doubt of that,

Besides, your grieffe reueald may haue reliefe,

Beyond your present expectation :

Then tell it *Harry*, what soere it be,

And ease your hart of horror, me of doubt.

Will. What haue you heard of *Beech* of *Lambert hill* ?

And of his boy which late were murdered.

Cow. I heard, and sawe, their mangled carcases.

Will. But haue you heard of them that murdered them?

Cow. No, would I had, for then I'de blase their shame,

And make them pay due penance for their sinne.

Will. This I misdoubted; therefore will forbear,

To vtter what I thought to haue reueald.

Cow. Knowst thou the actors of this murtherous deed,

And wilt conceale it now the deed is done?

Alas poore man, thou knowest not what thou doost,

Thou hast incur'd the danger of the lawe,

And thou mongst them must suffer punishment,

Vnlesse thou do confesse it presentlie.

Will. What? shall I then betray my maisters life?

Cow. Better then hazard both thy life and soule,

To bouldster out such barbarous villanie.

Why

Two Tragedies in one.

Why then belike your maister did the deed.

Wil. My maister vnawares escapt my mouth,
But what the Lord doth please shall come to light,
Cannot be hid by humaine pollicie :
His haplesse hand hath wrought the fatall end,
Of *Robert Beech* and *Thomas Uirchester*.

Cow. Could he alone do both those men to death?
Hadst thou no share in execution?

Wil. Nor knew not of it, till the deed was done.

Cow. If this be true, thou maist escape with life:
Confesse the truth vnto the officers,
And thou shalt finde the fauour of the lawe.

Wil. If I offended, 'twas my Maisters loue,
That made me hide his great transgressions:
But I will be directed as you please,
So saue me God, as I am innocent. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alenfo in Falleriaes apparrell and berd, Falleria
shauen in shepheards habillements.*

Fal. Part of my selfe, now seemst thou wholly me,
And I seeme neither like my selfe, nor thee :
Thanks to thy care, and this vnknowne disguise,
I like a shepheard now must learne to know,
When to lead forth my little bleating flock,
To pleasing pastures, and well fatting walkes,
In stormie time to driue them to the lee,
To cheere the pretie Lambes, whose bleating voice,
Doth craue the wished comfort of their dams,
To sound my merry Bag-pipe on the downes,
In shearing times poore shepheards festiuals,
And lastlie, how to driue the Wolfe away,
That secke to make the little Lambes their pray.

Allen. Ah haue you care to driue the Wolfe away,
From sillie creatures wanting intellectu,
And yet would suffer your deuouring thoughts,
To suck the blood of your dead brothers sonne,

As

Two Tragedies in one.

As pure and innocent as any lambe,
Pertillo was, which you haue fed vpon,
But things past helpe may better be bewaild
With carefull teares, then finde a remedie,
Therefore for feare our practise be espide,
Let vs to question of our husbandrie,
How many Lambes fell from the middle flock,
Since I my selfe did take the latter view.

Enter Vesunio, Turqual. Alberto.

Fall. Some viue and twenty, whereof two are dead,
But three and twenty scud about the fields,
That glads my hart to ze their iollitie.

Vesu. This is the man, conferring of his Lambes,
That slew a Lambe worth all his flock besides,

Alin. When is the time to let the Weathers blood,
The forward spring, that had such store of grasse,
Hath fild them full of ranke vnwholsome blood,
Which must be purg'd, else when the winter comes,
The rot will leaue me nothing but their skinned.

Fall. Chil let om blood, but yet it is no time,
Vntill the zygne be gone below the hart.

Vesu. Forbear a while this idle businesse,
And talke of matters of more consequence.

Fall. Che tell you plaine, you are no honest man,
To call a shepheards care an idle toye,
What though we haue a little merry sport,
With flowrie gyrlonds, and an Oaten pipe,
And iolly friskins on a holly-day,
Yet is a shepheards cure, a greater carke,
Then sweating Plough-men with their busie warke.

Vesu. Hence leaue your sheepish ceremoniall,
And now *Fallerio*, in the Princes name,
I do arrest you, for the cruell murth^r
Of young *Pertillo* left vnto your charge,
Which you discharged with a bloody writ,
Sign'd by the hands of those you did suborne:
Nay looke not strange, we haue such euidence,

Two Tragedies in one.

To ratifie your Strigian cruelty,
That cannot be deluded any way:

Allen. Alas my Lords, I know not what you say,
As for my Nephew, he I hope is well,
I sent him yestherday to *Padua*.

Alber. I, he is well, in such a vengers handes,
As will not winck at your iniquity.

Allen. By heauen and earth my soule is innocent,
Say what you will, I know my conscience.

Fal. To be afflicted with a scourge of care,
Which my oreweaning rashnesse did inflict.

Turq. Come beare him hence, expostulate no more,
That heart that could inuent such treachery,
Can teach his face to braue it cunninglie.

Allen. I do desie your accusations,
Let me haue iustice I will answere it.

Vesun. So beare him hence, I meane to stay behinde,
To take possession of his goods and landes;
For the Dukes vse, it is too manifest.

Allen. I hope youle answere any thing you doe,
My Lord *Vesunio* you shall answere it:
And all the rest that vse extremities.

Alber. I to the Dukes Exchecker not to you,

Exeunt omnes manet Felleria.

Fal. Thus shades are caught when substances are fled;
Indeede they haue my garments, but my selfe,
Am close enough from their discouerie,
But not so close but that my verie soule,
Is ract with tormentes for *Perrillos* death;
I am *Alber*, I doe beare about
My homes of shame and inhumanitie,
My thoughts, like hounds which late did flatter me:
With hope of great succeeding benefits.
Now gin to teare my care-tormented heart,
With feare of death and tortring punishment,
These are the stings when as our consciences,
Are stufd and clogd with close concealed crimes,

Two Tragedies in one.

Well I must smoothe all these discontentes,
And strue to beare a smoother countenance:
Then tugged care would willingly permit,
Ile to the Court to see *Alonso* free,
That he may then relieue my pouertie.

Exit.

*Enter Constable, three watchmen with
Halberdes.*

Con. Who would haue thought of all the men aliue,
That *Thomas Merry* would haue done this deede:
So full of ruth and monstrous wickednesse.

1. wat. Of all the men that liue in London walles,
I would haue thought that *Merry* had bin free,

2. wat. Is this the fruites of Saint-like Puritans,
I neuer like such damn'd hipocrisie.

3. wat. He would not loaic a sermon for a pound,
An oath he thought would rend his iawes in twaine,
An idle word did whet Gods vengeance on:
And yet two murders were not scripulous,
Such close illussions God will bring to light,
And ouerthrowe the workers with his might.

Con. This is the house, come let vs knocke at doore,
I see a light they are not all in bed:

Knockes, Rachell comes downe.

How now faire maide, is your brother vp?

Rach. He's not within sir, would you speake with him?

Con. You doe but iest, I know he is within,
And I must needes go vppe and speake with him.

Rach. In deede good sir, he is in bed asleepe,
And I was loath to trouble him to night.

Con. Well sifter, I am sorry for your sake,
But for your brother, he is knowne to be

A damned villaine and an hipocrite,
Rachell, I charge thee in her highnesse name,
To go with vs to prison presently.

Rach. To prison sir, alas what haue I done?

Con. You know that best, but euery one doe know,

You

Two Tragedies in one.

You and your brother murdered maister *Beech*,
And his poore boy that dwelt at Lambert hill,

Rach. I murdered, my brother knowes that I
Did not consent to either of their deaths.

Con. That must be tride, where doth your brother lye?

Rach. Here in his bed, me thinks he's not a sleepe.

Con. Now maister *Merry*, are you in a sweate.

Throwes his night cap away.

Merry sigh. No verily, I am not in a sweate.

Con. Some sodaine feare affrights you, whats the cause?

Mer. Nothing but that you wak'd me vnawares.

Con. In the Queenes name: doe commaund you rise,
And presently goe along with vs, *Riseth vp.*

Mer. With all my hart, what doe you know the cause?

Con. We partly doe, when saw you maister *Beech*?

Mer. I doe not well remember who you meane.

Con. Not *Beech* the chaundler vpon Lambert hill.

Mer. I know the man, but saw him not this fortnight.

Con. I would you had not, for your sisters sake,

For yours, for his, and for his harmelesse boy,

Be not obdurate in your wickednesse,

Confession drawes repentance after it.

Mer. Well maister Constable I doe confesse;

I was the man that did them both to death:

As for my sister and my harmelesse man,

I doe protest they both are innocent.

Con. Your man is fast in hold, and hath confest,
The manner how, and where, the deede was done:

Therefore were vaine to colour any thing,

Bring them away. *Rach*. Ah brother woe is me,

Mer. I comfortlesse will helpe to comfort thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Truth.

Weepe, weepe poore soules, & enterchange your woes,

Now *Merry* change thy name and countenance:

Smile not, thou wretched creature, least in scorne,

Thou smile to thinke on thy extremitues,

Two Tragedies in one.

Thy woes were countlesse for thy wicked deedes,
Thy sisters death neede not increase the coumpt,
For thou couldst neuer number them before :
Gentles helpe out with this suppose I pray,
And thinke it truth for Truth dooth tell the tale.
Merry by lawe conuict, as principall,
Receiues his doome, to hang till he be dead,
And afterwards for to be hangd in chaines:
Williams and *Rachell* likewise are conuict
For their concealment, *UWilliams* craues his booke,
And so receaues a brond of infamie.
But wretched *Rachels* sexe denies that grace,
And therefore dooth receiue a doome of death,
To dye with him, whose finnes she did conceale.
Your eyes shall witnesse of their shaded tipes,
Which many heere did see perform'd indeed:
As for *Fallerio*, not his homelic weedes,
His beardlesse face, nor counterfetted speech,
Can shield him from deserued punishment :
But what he thinkes shall rid him from suspect,
Shall drench him in more waues of wretchednesse,
Pulling his sonne into relentlesse iawes,
Of hungrie death, on tree of infamie :
Heere comes the Duke that doomes them both to die,
Next *Merries* death shall end this Tragedie. *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Vesuio, Turq. Alberto :
and Fallerio disguised.

Duke. Where is that *Syren*, that incarnate fiend,
Monster of Nature, spectacle of shame,
Blot and confusion of his familie,
False seeming semblance of true-dealing trust,
I meane *Fallerio* bloody murderer:
Hath he confest his cursed treacherie,
Or will he stand to prooue his innocence.

Vesu. We haue attach'de *Fallerio* gracious Lord,
And did accuse him with *Persillos* death :

But

Two Tragedies in one.

But he remote, will not confesse himselfe,
Neither the meanes, nor author of the same,
His mightie vowes and protestations,
Do almost seeme to pleade integritie,
But that we all do know the contrarie.

Fall. I know your error stricks your knowledge blinde,
His seeming me, doth so delude your minde. *People.*

Duke. Then bring him forth, to answer for himselfe,
Since he stands stoutly to denie the deed:

Alberto and other fetch Alenſo.

His sonne can witness, that the dying man,
Accusde *Fallerio* for his treacherie.
Stand forth thou close disguised hypocrite,
And speake directlie to these articles,
First, didst thou hire two bloodie murderers
To massacre *Perrillo* in a wood?

Alen. I neuer did suborne such murderers,
But euer lou'd *Perrillo* as my life.

Duke. Thy sonne can witness to the contrarie.

Alen. I haue no sonne to testifie so much.

Fab. No; for his grauitie is counterfeit,
Pluck of his beard, and you will sweare it so.

Vespi. Haue you no sonne? doth not *Alenſo* liue?

Alen. *Alenſo* liues, but is no sonne of mine.

Alber. Indeed his better part had not his source,
From thy corrupted vice affecting hart,
For verue is the marke he aimeth at.

Duke. I dare be sworne that *Sofratra* would blurst,
Shouldst thou deny *Alenſo* for thy sonne.

Alen. Nay did she liue, she would not challenge me,
To be the father of that haplesse sonne.

Turq. Nay, then anon you will denie your selfe;
To be your selfe, vniust *Fallerio*.

Alen. I do confesse my selfe, to be my selfe,
But will not answer to *Fallerio*.

Duke. Not to *Fallerio*, this is excellent,
You are the man was call'd *Fallerio*.

Two Tragedies in one.

Alen. He neuer breathed yet that cal'd me so,
Except he were deceiu'd as you are now.

Duke. This impudence shall not excuse your fault,
You are well knowne to be *Fallerio*,
The wicked husband of dead *Sofrata*,
And father to the vertuous *Alenſo*,
And euen as ſure as all theſe certainties,
Thou didſt contriue thy little Nephewes death.

Alen. True, for I am nor falſe *Fallerio*,
Husband, nor father, as you do ſuggeſt,
And therefore did not hire the murtherers:
Which to be true acknowledge with your eyes.

Pulls off his diſguiſe.

Duke. How now my Lords, this is a miracle,
To ſhake off thirtie yeares ſo ſodeinlie,
And turne from feeble age to flouriſhing youth.

Alb. But he my Lord that wrought this miracle,
Is not of power to free himſelfe from death,
Through the performance of this ſuddaine change.

Duke. No, were he the chiefeſt hope of Chriſtendome,
He ſhould not liue for this preſumption:
Uſe no excuſe, *Alenſo* for thy life,
My doome of death ſhall be irreuocab'le.

Alen. Ill fare his ſoule, that would extenuate
The rigor of your life confounding doome:
I am prepar'd with all my hart to die,
For thatſ th'end of humane miſerie.

Duke. Then thus, you ſhall be hang'd immediatly,
For your illuſion of the Magiſtrates,
With borrowed ſhapes of falſe antiquitie.

Alen. Thrice happy ſentence, which I do imbrace,
With a more feruent and vnſained zeale,
Then an ambitious rule deſiring man,
Would do a Iem bedecked Diadem,
Which brings more watchfull cares and diſcontent,
Then pompe, or honor, can remunerate:
When I am dead, let it be ſaid of me,

Alenſo

Two Tragedies in one.

Alonso died to set his father free.

Fal. That were a freedome worse then seruitude,
To cruell Turke, or damned Infidell:
Most righteous Iudge, I do appeale for Iustice,
Iustice on him that hath deserued death,
Not on *Alonso*, he is innocent.

Alon. But I am guiltie of abetting him,
Contrarie to his Maicsties Edict,
And therefore death is meritorious.

Fal. I am the wretch that did subborne the slaues,
To murder poore *Perillio* in the wood,
Spare, spare *Alonso*, he is innocent.

Duke. What strange appeale is this, we know thee not,
None but *Falleio* is accusde hereof.

Alon. Then father get you hence, depart in time,
Least being knowne you suffer for the crime.

Fal. Depart, and leaue thee clad in horrors cloake,
And suffer death for true affection:
Although my soule be guiltie of more sinne,
Then euer sinfull soule were guiltie of:
Yet fiends of hell would neuer suffer this,
I am thy father, though vnworthy so:
Oh still I see these weedes do seare your eyes:
I am *Falleio*, make no doubt of me. *Put off.*
Though thus disguise, in habite, countenance,
Only to scape the terror of the lawe.

Alon. And I *Alonso* that did succour him,
Gainst your commaundement, mightie Soueraigne:
Ponder your oath, your vowe, as God did liue,
I should not liue, if I did rescue him:
I did, God liues, and will reuenge it home,
If you defer my condigne punishment.

Duke. Assure your selues you both shall suffer death:
But for *Falleio*, he shall hang in chaines,
After he's dead, for he was principall.

Fal. Vnfaerie Woornewood, Hemlock, bitter gall,
Brings no such bad, ynrelisht, lower taste,

Two Tragedies in one.

Vnto the tongue, as this death boding voice,
Brings to the eares of poore *Fallerio*.
Not for my selfe but for *Alensoes* sake,
Whome I haue murdered by my trechery:
Ah my dread Lord, if any little sparke,
Of melting pittie doth remaine aliue,
And not extinguisht by my impious deedes,
Oh kindle it vnto a happie flame,
To light *Alensio* from this miserie;
Which through dim death he's like to fall into.

Allen. That were to ouerthrow my soule and all,
Should you reuerse this sentence of my death:
My selfe would play the death man on my selfe,
And ouertake your swift and winged soule,
Ere churlish *Caron* had transported you,
Vnto the fields of sad *Proserpina*.

Duke. Cease, cease *Fallerio*, in thy bootlesse prayers,
I am resolu'd, I am inexorable,
Vesunio, see their iudgement be performde,
And vse *Alensio* with all clemencie:
Prouided that the lawe be satisfied.

Exit Duke and Alberto.

Vesu. It shall be done with all respectiuenesse,
Haue you no donbt of that my gracious Lord.

Fal. Here is a mercie mixt with equitie,
To shew him fauour, but cut off his head.

Alen. My reuerend father, pacifie your selfe,
I can, and will, indure the stroake of death,
Were his appearance nere so horrible,
To meeete *Persillo* in another world.

Fal. Thou shouldst haue tarried vntill natures course
Had bene extinct, that thou ore growne with age,
Mightst die the death of thy progenitors,
Twas not thy meanes he died so soddenly,
But mine, that causing his, haue murthred thee.

Alen. But yet I slew my mother, did I not?

Fal. I, with reporting of my villanie,

Two Tragedies in one.

The very audit of my wickednesse,
Had force enough to giue a sodaine death:
Ah sister, sister, now I call to minde,
Thy dying wordes now prou'd a prophesie,
If you deale ill with this distressed childe:
God will no doubt reuenge the innocent,
I haue delt ill, and God hath tane reuenge.

Allen. Now let vs leaue remembrance of past deedes,
And thinke on that which more concerneth vs.

Fal. With all my hart thou euer wert the spur,
Which prickt me on to any godlinesse:
And now thou doest indeuor to incite,
Me make my parting peace with God and men:
I doe confesse euen from my verie soule,
My hainous sinne and grieuous wickednesse,
Against my maker manie thousand waies:

Ab imo cordis I repent my selfe,
Of all my sinnes against his maiestie:
And heavenly father lay not to my charge,
The death of poore *Pertillo* and those men,
Which I suborn'd to be his murderers,
When I appeare before thy heauenlie throne,
To haue my sentence, or of life or death.

Vesu. Amen, amen, and God continue still,
These mercie mouing meditations.

Allen. And thou great God which art omnipotent,
Powerfull enough for to redeeme our soules:
Euen from the verie gates of gaping hell,
Forgiue our sinnes, and wash away our faults;
In the sweete riuier of that precious blood,
Which thy deare sonne did shed in *Galgoshan*,
For the remission of all contrite soules.

Fal. Forgiue thy death my thrice beloued sonne.

Allen. I doe, and father pardon my misdeedes,
Of disobedience and vnthankfullnesse.

Fal. Thou neuer yet wert disobedient,
Vnlesse I did commaund vnlawfulnesse,

Two Tragedies in one.

Vngratefulnesse did neuer trouble thee,
Thou art too bounteous thus to guerdon me.

Allen. Come let vs kisse and thus imbrace in death,
Euen when you will come bring vs to the place:
Where we may conuimate our wretched nesse,
And change it for eternall hapinesse. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Merry and Rachel to execution with Officers with Halberdes, the Hangman with a lather, &c.

Mer. Now sifter *Rachel* is the houre come,
Wherein we both must satisfie the law,
For *Beeches* death and harmelesse *Winchester*:
Weepe not sweete sifter, for that cannot helpe,
I doe confesse fore all this company,
That thou wert neuer priuie to their deaths,
But onelic helpst me when the deede was done,
To wipe the blood and hide away my sinne,
And since this fault hath brought thee to this shame,
I doe intreate thee on my bended knee,
To pardon me for thus offending thee.

Rac. I doe forgiue you from my verie soule,
And thinke not that I shed these store of teares,
For that I price my life, or feare to dye,
Though I confesse the manner of my death,
Is much more grieuuous then my death it selfe;
But I lament for that it hath bene said,
I was the author of this crueltie,
And did produce you to this wicked deede,
Whereof God knowes that I am innocent.

Mer. Indeed thou art, thy conscience is at peace, *Goe up.*
And feeles no terror for such wickednesse, *the lather.*
Mine hath bene vexed but is now at rest,
For that I am assur'd my hainous sinne:
Shall neuer rise in iudgement gainst my soule,
But that the blood of Iesus Christ hath power,

Two Tragedies in one.

To make my purple sinne as white as Snowe.
 One thing good people, witnesse here with me,
 That I do dye in perfect charitie,
 And do forgiue, as I would be forgiuen,
 First of my God, and then of all the world:
 Cease publishing that I haue beene a man,
 Train'd vp in murther, or in crueltye,
 For fore this time, this time is all too soone,
 I neuer slue or did consent to kill,
 So helpe me God as this I speake is true:
 I could say something of my innocence,
 In fornication and adulterie,
 But I confesse the iustest man aliue
 That beares about the frailtie of a man,
 Cannot excuse himselfe from daily sinne,
 In thought, in word, and deed, such was my life,
 I neuer hated *Beech* in all my life,
 Onely desire of money which he had,
 And the inciting of that foe of man,
 That greedie gulfe, that great *Laniarban*,
 Did halle me on to these callamities,
 For which, euen now my very soule dooth bleed:
 God strengthen me with patience to endure,
 This chastisement, which I confesse too small
 A punishment for this my hainous sinne:
 Oh be couragious sister, fight it well,
 We shall be crown'd with immortallitie.

Rach. I will not faint, but combat manfully,
 Christ is of power to helpe and strengthen me.

Officer. I pray make hast, the hower is almost past.

Mer. I am prepar'd, oh God receiue my soule,
 Forgiue my sinnes, for they are numberlesse,
 Receiue me God, for now I come to thee.

Turne of the Lather: Rachel shrinketh.

Offi. Nay shrinke not woman, haue a cheerefull heart.

Rach. I, so I do, and yet this sinfull flesh,
 Will be rebellious gainst my willing spirit.

Two Tragedies in one.

Come let me clime these steps that lead to heauen,
Although they seeme the staires of infamie :
Let me be merror to ensuing times,
And teach all sisters how they do conceale,
The wicked deeds, of brethren, or of friends,
I not repent me of my loue to him,
But that thereby I haue prouoked God,
To heaue wrath and indignation,
Which turne away great God, for Christes sake.
Ah *Harry Williams*, thou wert chie fest cause,
That I do drinke of this most bitter cup,
For hadst thou opened *Beeches* death at first,
The boy had liu'd, and thou hadst sau'd my life :
But thou art brondded with a marke of shame,
And I forgiue thee from my very soule,
Let him and me, learne all that heare of this,
To vtter brothers or their maisters misse,
Conceale no murther, least it do beget,
More bloody deeds of like deformitie.
Thus God forgiue my sinnes, receiue my soule,
And though my dinner be of bitter death,
I hope my soule shall sup with Iesus Christ,
And see his presence euerlastingly. *Dyeth.*

Off. The Lord of heauen haue mercy on her soule,
And teach all other by this spectacle,
To shunne such dangers as she ran into,
By her misguided taciturnitie :
Cut downe their bodies, giue hers funerall,
But let his body be conueyed hence,
To Mile-end greene, and there be hang'd in chaines.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Truthe.

Tru. See here the end of lucre and desire
Of riches, gotten by vnlawfull meanes,
What monstrous euils this hath brought to passe,
Your scarce drie eyes giue testimoniall,

The

Two Tragedies in one,

The father, sonne; the sister, brother brings,
To open scandall, and contemptuous death.

Enter Homicide and Couetousnesse.

But heere come they that wrought these deeds of ruche,
As if they meant to plot new wickednesse:
Whether to fast, you damned miscreants?
Yee vaine deluders of the credulous,
That seeke to traine men to destruction,

Mur. Why we will on, to set more harmes a flote,
That I may swim in riuers of warme blood,
Out-flowing from the sides of Innocents.

Cone. I will intice the greedie minded soule,
To pull the fruite from the forbidden tree:
Yet *Tanall* like, he shall but glut his eye,
Nor feede his body with salubrious fruite,

Tru. Hence Stigmaticks, you shall not harbor heare,
To practice execrable butcheries:
My selfe will bring your close designs to light,
And ouerthrow your vilde conspiracies,
No hart shall intertaine a murthrous thought,
Within the sea imbracing continent,
Where faire *Eliza* Prince of pietie,
Doth weare the peace adorned Diadem.

Cone. Mauer the worst, I will haue many harts,
That shall affect my secret whisperings,
The chinck of golde is such a pleasing crie,
That all men wish to heare such harmony,
And I will place sterne murder by my side,
That we may do more harmes, then haughty pride.

Homi. Truth, now farewell, hereafter thou shalt see,
He vexes thee more with many tragedies.

Tru. The more the pittie, would the hart of man,
Were not so open wide to entertaine,
The harmfull baits, of selfe deuouring sinne,
But from the first vnto the latter times,
It hath and will be so eternally,
Now it remaines to haue your good aduice,

Two Tragedies in one.

Vnto a motion of some consequence,
There is a Barke thats newly rigd for sea,
Vnmand, vnfurnishd with munition:
She must incounter with a greater foe,
Then great *Alcydes* slue in *Lerna* Lake,
Would you be pleasd to man this willing barke,
With good conceits of her intencion,
To store her with the thundring furniture,
Of smoothest smiles, and pleasing plaudiats,
She shall be able to endure the shock,
Of snarling *Zoylus*, and his cursed crue,
That seekes to sincke her in reproches waues,
And may perchance obtaine a victorie,
Gainst curious carpes, and fawning Parasites:
But if you suffer her for want of ayde,
To be orewhelmd by her insulting foes,
Oh then she sinckes, that meant to passe the flood,
With stronger force to do her cuntry good:
It resteth thus whether she liue or dye.
She is your Beades-man euerlastinglie.

FINIS. Rob. Yarrington.

Laus Deo.



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

RIVERSIDE

**INTER-LIBRARY
LOAN**

NOV 16 1967

14 DAY USE ONLY

DEC 08 2000

LIBRARY

DEC 14 2000

CIVIL ENGINEERING

273184

Case
B

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

